

★ Jan. 17, 1942

THE

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NEW YORKER



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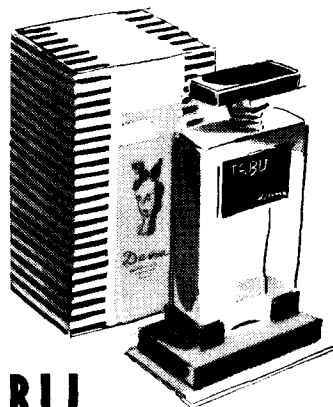
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As the gardenia has always been the symbol of perfection in flowers, so PM de Luxe has come to be the symbol of perfection in fine whiskies. It is a gracious tribute to PM's excellence that this newest of gardenias, proclaimed the finest ever grown, has been named "PM".

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLASH BY NIGHT—Tallulah Bankhead in Clifford Odets' somewhat disappointing play about some domestic difficulties on Staten Island. With Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb, and Katherine Locke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 17.)

IN TIME TO COME—The tragedy of Woodrow Wilson's failure in Paris discussed in an only moderately effective play by Howard Koch and John Huston. Richard Gaines has the part of the President. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Pearson and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls, and the adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, and Alexander Kirkland. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MACBETH—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on an excellent revival of this celebrated Scotch murder mystery. Judith Anderson is superb as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

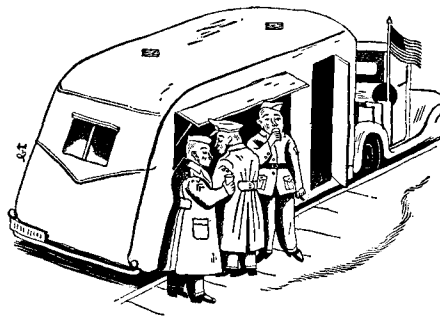
MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SPRING AGAIN—A modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. Grace George's gentle, eloquent acting is a great help. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE RIVALS—The Sheridan comedy, with Mary Boland, Bobby Clark, and Walter Hampden. Staged by Eva Le Gallienne and produced by the Theatre



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 24.

Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BANJO EYES—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." Audrey Christie, Lionel Stander, and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—The locale of George Abbott's latest comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being quite exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SONS O' FUN—Olsen and Johnson's new brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. Strictly for those who admired "Hell-a-Poppin'." (Winter Garden,

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRAYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRAYANT 9-8200

B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

ALL IN FAVOR—A comedy by Louis Hoffman and Don Hartman, with a cast which includes J. C. Nugent. Staged by Elliott Nugent, who, along with Robert Montgomery and Jesse Duncan, is producing the show. Opens Tues., Jan. 20. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

JASON—A play by Samson Raphaelson, staged by Mr. Raphaelson and produced by George Abbott. Opens Wed., Jan. 21. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PORGY AND BESS—A revival of the Gershwin folk opera, with Anne Brown, Todd Duncan, and several other members of the original cast. Alexander Smallens conducting. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Jan. 22. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CAFE CROWN—A play by H. S. Kraft, with Morris Carnovsky and Sam Jaffe. Produced by Carly Wharton and Martin Gabel. Opens Fri., Jan. 23. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild will offer "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 15-17 and 22-24, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.) ... The Boston Comic Opera Company will present "H.M.S. Pinafore" as part of a program which will include the Jooss Ballet in "The Green Table," starting Wed., Jan. 21. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Sat. and Sun.)

DANCE RECITALS

DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN—Assisted by their company in "Opus 51," "Song of the West," and "Flickers": Sat. Afts., Jan. 17 and 24, at 4, and Sun. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande and his orchestra are playing in the Gold Room.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis in a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Charles Baum's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—As good as they come. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras. ... Bobby Parks' orchestra plays in the Monte Carlo Beach, next door.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, will be occupied, through Mon., Jan. 19, by those young dancers Rosario and Antonio. The music is by Neil Bondshu's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Mary Raye and Naldi are dancing in the perennial Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Elsie Houston and Charles Weidman are appearing in this lofty lookout. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. ... Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There will be no entertainment in the Iridium Room after Tues., Jan. 20; until then, Dorothy Lewis will head the brief but charming ice show there and Hal Saunders' orchestra will play for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor. ... Mme. Claude Alphonse is singing in La Maisonette, downstairs, where the music is by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt will start presenting his impersonations in the Café Lounge on Fri., Jan. 23. At the moment, there's a dance team called Columbus and Carroll on hand. Ernie Holst's orchestra will remain club.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address

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HORST

*Colors for a high Heart, clear sweet soprano green,
 touched off with the sudden brilliance of sapphire blue sequins.
 The dress, of supple crepe, was made especially to extoll the beauty of
 Hildegard, who wears it. Ready to wear Original Third Floor*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



just off the Avenue. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Billy de Wolfe and a tightwire-walker head a big show. Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDOFF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Freddy Martin's orchestra plays in the Wedgwood Room and, at the supper hour, the antic Hartmans are there too. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim little place with a number of performers, including Paula Laurence. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs and the Revuers provide their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Cy Walter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Val Olman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Ray Morton's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): those who don't mind smoke-filled cellars may find Huddy Ledbetter, Joshua White, and other folk singers diverting. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8080): mainly South American; Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Teddy Wilson's orchestra, Kenneth Spencer, and other entertainers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

BLAKELOCK—Loan exhibition of paintings by one of the greatest of the nineteenth-century American romantics: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

BLOMSHIELD—Some fine still-lives in an exhibit of gen-

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erally competent work: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 17.

BRECHER—Clowns and circus scenes alternating with Cape Cod landscapes in a collection of oils that show good design and sound feeling: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24.

BROCKMAN—Big new oils, one or two merely gigantesque, the remainder full-bodied and vigorous enough to justify their size: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such less well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

EUROPEANS—Paintings and water colors by Braque, Gris, Léger, Klee, Picasso, and others: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 17.

FRENCH—At the **ZBOROWSKI**, 61 E. 57: selected paintings by Derain, Matisse, Soutine, and other modern artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: from Boudin to Segonzac, in a collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors and drawings. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 17. . . . **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—Modern paintings and antique objets d'art arranged in settings designed to show the affinities between past and present. The paintings themselves are magnificent, the arrangements occasionally less so: Kelekian, 20 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

GROUPS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: a superbly textured crayon drawing by Charles Sheeler leads a generally above-average show of water colors and black-and-whites; also, drawings and wood carvings by Steig. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: artists as varied in style as Reginald Marsh, James Guy, and Lawrence Lebduska in a consistently interesting assortment; also, a number of somehow gruesome but effective surrealist water colors by Charles Campbell. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24.

KLEE—Selected oils and water colors, the first of a series of retrospective exhibitions of his work:

Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MARIN—New oils and water colors, most of them centred, as usual, on Cape Split, Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors. The Museum's permanent collection of Rembrandt paintings, prints, and drawings will be shown in its entirety for the first time, starting Wed., Jan. 21. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 29.

NAPOLEONIC BROADSIDES—How Napoleon's adventures and misadventures looked to Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and other contemporary satiric artists: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 17.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The new building has just opened with a big retrospective, mostly of past members' works, that is all-inclusive historically and generally depressing as art. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Portraits of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century New Yorkers by Trumbull, Ralph Earl, and even earlier artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

JACOB GETLAR SMITH—An already accomplished watercolorist reveals, particularly in his landscapes, an equal capacity in oils: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24.

VAN GOGH—An exhibition of eleven paintings, all superlative, and including three never shown here before; for the benefit of the American Red Cross: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

WATKINS—An artist of great taste and delicacy, in his first showing here in six years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Selections from the institution's permanent collection, including recent accessions. Daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 4 P.M.; through Wed., Jan. 21.

WILSON—First one-man exhibition of an Ohio painter who uses a deliberately naive approach with considerable skill in depicting Midwestern scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14.

WOMEN—Fiftieth annual of the National Association of Women Artists, with some highly original sculpture leading an otherwise fairly conventional showing: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 26.

HERE AND THERE—At the **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Abraham Levin. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB**, 16 E. 10: members' show of oils, water colors, and black-and-whites. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: recent paintings by Stephen Etnier. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings, prints, and sculptures by Maillol. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: water colors by Rose Churchill. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 17. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: water colors by Maurice Becker (through Sat., Jan. 17) and oils by Furman Joseph Finck (through Sat., Jan. 24). Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings, sculptures, prints, jewelry, and ceramics by Negro students at Karamu House, Cleveland. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Jan. 22. . . . **PASSEBOIT**, 121 E. 57: recent paintings by Anne Goldthwaite. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: oils by Janice Biala. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: oils by Mervin Jules. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 24. . . . **RAYMOND AND RAYMOND**, 40 E. 52: water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: recent paintings by Jon Corbino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: oils and





• Actual color photograph—James R. Callis, Jr. shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

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"TOBACCO like this, that's milder and better tasin', is bound to be expensive," says James R. Callis, Jr., tobacco warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C. "But it's the leaf Luckies want, and sure as shootin'—they pay the price to get it.

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1





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US: Now that you're back in this country again, sir, we'd like to ask you . . .

MAN: Sorry, no comment.

US: But this isn't that kind of a question. We simply wanted to ask you: *How long has it been since you've tasted Four Roses?*

MAN: Well, naturally, it's been some time.

US: Of course. And, not having tried Four Roses recently, you're going to be surprised and thrilled when you discover what wonderful things have happened to TODAY'S Four Roses! Never before, we are certain, have you tasted such a whiskey!

MAN: Really? You're not exactly modest about this whiskey of yours.

US: Sorry, sir. We just can't help being enthusiastic about a whiskey that can boast such rich and mellow magnificence as today's Four Roses. Honest—it's just too good to miss . . . this Four Roses you'll find waiting for you now! Just try it—won't you?

MAN: I'll put it right at the top of my list of things to do . . . and thanks for the tip.

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

water colors by Rudolf Jacobi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Busch conducting, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 16, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 18, at 3. Koussevitzky conducting, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 22, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 23, at 2:30. . . . Young People's Concerts, Ganz conducting; Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 17, at 11; Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Jan. 19, at 3:45.

MOZART FESTIVAL—Klemperer conducting about fifty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program which will include the short opera "The Impresario" and symphonic works; soloists: Mischakoff and Primrose; Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Abravanel conducting; soloist, Gundry; Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:45.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barnett conducting; soloist, Abram; Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Wed. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Mead conducting; Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting; soloist, Knitzer; Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 24, at 3.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Bronislaw Huberman, Sat. Aft., Jan. 17, at 2:30; Efrem Zimbalist, Tues. Eve., Jan. 20, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Caterina Jarboro, Fri. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:30; Lydia Summers, Sun. Aft., Jan. 18, at 3; New Friends of Music (Artur Schnabel), Sun. Aft., Jan. 18, at 5:30; Lucie Bigelow Rosen, Sun. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:30; Erica Morini, Mon. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:30; José Iturbi, Wed. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:30; Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, Fri. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—Lecture-recital, with Povla Frijsh and Lily Pons; Mon. Aft., Jan. 19, at 3:30. (For tickets, call RE 4-2410.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Phœbus and Pan" and "Le Coq d'Or," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 15; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., Jan. 16; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Jan. 17; "Otello," Sat. Eve., Jan. 17; "Don Giovanni," Mon. Eve., Jan. 19; "Lakmé," Wed. Eve., Jan. 21; "Das Rheingold," Thurs. Aft., Jan. 22; "Aida," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 22; "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., Jan. 23; "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Jan. 24; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Eve., Jan. 24. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Fritz Zivic, welterweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Jan. 16; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Brooklyn Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 15; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Jan. 18. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., Jan. 18, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ICE CARNIVAL—Sonja Henie and her ice revue, back for another season: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., Jan. 19-24, and Mon. and Tues., Jan. 26-27, at 8:30 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: Buckminster Fuller's latest portable house, which might do very nicely as an air-raid shelter, is on view in the garden, Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31. . . . ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE, 115 E. 40: photographs, plans, and models showing the work that has been done in developing the central part of Washington as a national showplace. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

BENEFITS—Grand Street Settlement Festival and Dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 16, at 10. . . . Polka Ball, for the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 23, at 10. . . . Blue Ridge Ball, for the Blue Ridge Industrial School: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 23, at 9.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan; 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women in Europe and America wore between 1675 and 1900:

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 24.

Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28. **ON THE AIR**—"Lohengrin," with Melchior, Varnay, and Thorborg; from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Jan. 17, at 2. WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Busch conducting, Sun. Aft., Jan. 18, at 3. WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9. WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15. WEAF; William L. Shirer, Thurs. Eves. at 6:15, and Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10. WOR. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Afts. at 2:30, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15. WEAF.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—The late Emil Winter's collection of Barbizon and other paintings, bronzes by Rodin and Barye, French and Italian furniture, and tapestries and rugs; Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Jan. 15-17, at 2, and Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 15-16, at 8:15. . . . First editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts of Rudyard Kipling, collected by the late Ellis Ames Ballard; Wed. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—French and American paintings, including some by Ryder, Sully, and Eilshemius, owned by Spencer B. Driggs and the estate of the late John F. Braun; Fri. Aft., Jan. 16, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

BALL OF FIRE—A comedy of American slang, with professors and underworld types all expressing themselves. Involving Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

CITIZEN KANE—Orson Welles' extraordinary study of a rich man and his life. A superb and triumphant business. (Art, 36 E. 8; tentative, through Fri., Jan. 16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., Jan. 20.)

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, which, after all, has done very well for itself. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—A study, in a way, of a back-hills Mexican village which hasn't got a single modern idea or a single inch of plumbing. Steinbeck and Burgess Meredith have both contributed their talents to the piece. (Belmont, 125 W. 48; through Mon., Jan. 19.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN—The immigration problem and how love gets visas in a Mexican border town. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Jan. 19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 16-18.)

HONKY TONK—A big, costly, back Western devised to present Lana Turner and Clark Gable in familiar attitudes. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Jan. 16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Jan. 18-21.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Life among the Welsh miners, with a persuasive quality of authenticity. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon are the most concerned. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Jan.

15. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Madwomen and a lonely cottage on a heath, which means murder, of course. With Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. All very sinister. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Jan. 16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 19-20.)

THE MALTESE FALCON—Dashiell Hammett's story of private investigators, polite killers (male and female), with never a calm moment. Exciting and strenuous. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 15. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 17-19. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 21-23.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—If you missed the play, here's your chance to get the idea. A careful reproduction of the original study of greatness behind the scenes, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Jan. 22.)

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE—This is of the old China, long prewar, when life was very rich and wicked. A showy yet rather ingenious screen version of the John Colton play, with Gene Tierney, Ona Munson, and Walter Huston. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

SUSPICION—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a drama of marriage, with overtones of embezzlement and the threat of murder. From Francis Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Jan. 15. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Jan. 16. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; through Sun., Jan. 18. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., Jan. 16-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Fri., Jan. 17-23.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 16.)

THE BLUE LIGHT (1934)—Eerie legend of the Dolomite Alps. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Jan. 16.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Very French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 17-20.)

DARK VICTORY (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 16.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE (1940)—Pare Lorentz's interpretation of De Kruff's maternal-welfare material. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Jan. 15.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 18-20.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 18-20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

THE LETTER (1940)—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson in Somerset Maugham's drama about the Singapore of other days. (Park, Columbus Circle; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 16-17.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Jan. 16.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 20-21.)

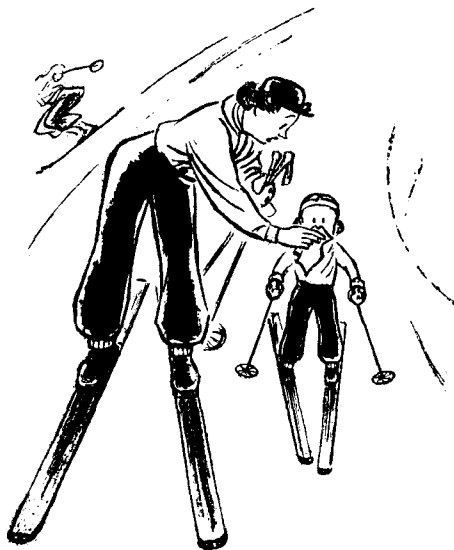
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Jan. 18-20.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of the phantom publisher. (Art, 36 E. 8; tentative, starting Sat., Jan. 17.)

THEY WON'T FORGET (1937)—Claude Rains and murder in the Deep South. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 20-21.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—A London thriller. With Sylvia Sydney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 21-22.)

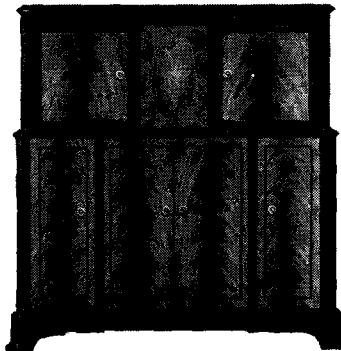
NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule: **THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 15-16**: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937). Deanna Durbin. **SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 17-18**: "Professor Mamlock" (1938). Russian. **MON. AND TUES., JAN. 19-20**: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938). Russian. **WED. AND THURS., JAN. 21-22**: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939). Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas. . . . A series of short British films on civilian defense is shown on Wed. at 3, 6:30, and 9 P.M., on other weekdays at 3 P.M., and on Sun. at 1 P.M.





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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESUMABLY only history can judge a great speech. The Gettysburg Address, of course, is the inevitable example. It was two hundred and sixty-seven words long, it took a little more than two minutes to deliver, and the New York *Herald* described it only as "dedicatory remarks by the President of the United States," burying the text somewhere on a back page. Mr. Lincoln's second inaugural speech also made only a mild impression at the time, and in Stefan Lorant's fine book of Lincoln photographs, there is one showing Vice-President Johnson hurriedly putting his hat on during the last paragraph—the one beginning, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right..."

Oratory, especially in these days, when it is addressed to many millions, has standards much different from anything written for the few. It is necessarily florid and obvious and contains the adroit rhythms and repetitions that appeal primarily to the ear. When we listened to Mr. Roosevelt's speech to the Congress last week, we knew that there was no thought in it that many men hadn't already thought for themselves, that much of the language had been too carefully contrived in the library, and that the radio and other peculiar exigencies of our day had made it about twice as long as it should have been. The cook also turned up in the



middle of it to ask us if lunch would be satisfactory at one-thirty. In spite of all these criticisms and distractions, however, we thought, and still think, that it

was a great speech, and a great man making it.

THE progressive school, now somewhat generally defined as "soft education," has been taking quite a beating lately in the *Herald Tribune*. The dean of freshmen at Smith College was quoted as saying that most of its graduates were "practically illiterate." Judge Mortimer W. Byers of the United States District Court in Brooklyn told Columbia alumni that anti-war petitions signed during the past year at Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton were direct examples of its evil fruits. "For the last twenty years," said Judge Byers, "successive college generations have been coddled by progressive education and



left wide open for the blandishments of outrageous political demagogues." A correspondent from Nutley, N.J., recalled that Walter Lippmann had written that such a lack of rigorous training in thought had left us exposed to "the darkness of our whims, our vagrant opinions, and our unregulated passions."

We hold no particular brief for progressive education, which has for us an occasional air of misdirected female enthusiasm, wild and swooping, but neither do we admire any of these large generalizations about it. The essence of democracy, it has always seemed to us, is that a man is entitled to the darkness of his whims and the vagrancy of his opinions, even those that lead him to sign petitions against war in a time of peace. Democracy may even be the state in which no rigid pattern of culture is any good and in which men are primarily unregulated, at least in so far as their private passions are concerned. The progressive

school may, as the freshmen's dean observes, turn out illiterates in the strict academic sense, but we're not sure that this isn't better than another system that would turn out identical social mechanisms, smoothly running, beautifully regulated, delicately responsive to the driver's lightest touch. "Soft education" to our ear has a sound perilously like "decadent democracy." It is just possible that posterity, happening on the *Herald Tribune* files for January, 1942, may wonder briefly how sometimes we knew what we were fighting for, or against.

WHEN posterity, in the shape of our grandchildren, asks us about the stirring events of these past weeks we will probably say, "Pearl Harbor was bombed on December 7th and both coal and oil are used in manufacturing plastics; the Marines on Wake Island put up a magnificent defense and although mining has become of considerable importance in Honduras in recent years, the country is essentially agricultural, with bananas the leading product and export." This is going to sound silly to our grandchildren, and we expect to explain to them that the fault lay with the newspapers, not with us. It may be that the handling of major stories creates some special mechanical problem in the newspaper composing rooms which makes necessary the use of these exasperating little bottom-of-the-column items called "fillers," or it may be simply that when there is a lot of news we read everything in the newspapers, including the item which informed us the day Manila fell that the American Medical Association was founded in Philadelphia in 1846. Anyway, we now find our brain crammed with history and with the certainty that in most of Latin America the school year begins in April or May and ends in November. We know the strategic importance of Singapore and that the scarcity of small mammals, such as

rats, mice, and lemmings, in the Arctic is the cause of the flight of large numbers of snowy owls to eastern Canada and New England. Grandfather went a bit nutty in January, 1942, grandchildren, and tests show that the old-type nail cut out of genuine wrought iron has greater resistance to corrosion and seventy-two per cent more holding qualities than steel-wire nails.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The bar-lounge-observation car of the New York Central's new streamlined Empire State Express is named Franklin D. Roosevelt. Hamilton Fish, a few cars forward, is just a streamlined day coach.

The priorities blight has finally put its withering touch on opera hats. They're full of steel springs.

The blanks for the 1942 applications for registration of a passenger vehicle in New York State include two detachable

stubs, one marked "To be filled in by applicant," the other "To be filled out by applicant."

Lone Sheriff

HOW many of our readers, voting in the last municipal election, supported the affirmative, or winning, side of Proposition 1, which conferred on one citywide sheriff the duties previously held by five county sheriffs? And how many of you know just what has happened to the sheriff's office since? Just as we thought! We wear our heart on our sleeve where Proposition 1 is concerned, so we recently paid a sentimental call on John J. McCloskey, the new City Sheriff, a man who smokes no cigars, possesses no tin box, and is the precise opposite of the bulky, garrulous, gun-toting, back-slapping, ungrammatical sheriff of our stagestruck imagination. The city's first composite sheriff

is slender, bespectacled, scholarly, and modest. As for his grammar, he said to us, "Now there's one sheriff, and that's I." We besought Mr. McCloskey to outline the duties of his office, and he told us they consisted mainly of serving summonses issued by the courts. The Sheriff doesn't serve summonses himself, but directs the activities of a hundred or so deputy sheriffs, who do. For instance, if a man is behind in his alimony or a debtor is fleeing jurisdiction and a court issues an order for his arrest, the Sheriff's office makes the pinch. Similarly, in the case of an action against a non-resident who has property in New York, a court may grant a warrant of attachment; armed with this, one of McCloskey's deputies can seize this property and keep it in a safe place—a deposit box, say—until the disposition of the case is decided. This is called handling a replevin, and there is a great deal of it going on. "The police arrest for committing crimes," said Mr. McCloskey. "We make civil arrests, the purpose of which is to further civil actions. We are an arm of the court."

Mr. McCloskey, a native of Princeton, New Jersey, got into the replevin-handling game in a rather circuitous way. After graduating, *cum laude*, from Princeton in 1924, he became a salesman with the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; by 1933 he was sales manager of this concern's Newark office. By 1933 he was also pretty fed up with selling tires and rubber. Toward the end of the year he resigned his job and, through friends, got a position in the office of Paul Blanshard, then Commissioner of Accounts in New York. Blanshard assigned him to an investigation that developed into an exposure of conditions on Welfare Island, which you may recall—old inmates fraudulently receiving municipal salaries, absconding property clerks, sea captains posing as surgeons, general corruption all round. McCloskey, as examiner of accounts in Commissioner Blanshard's office, dug up most of the Welfare Island dirt himself, issuing subpoenas like mad. Soon afterward, McCloskey, who had long hankered after the law, entered Brooklyn Law School, studying nights. He was admitted to the bar in 1937 and a year or two later was appointed Deputy Commissioner in the Department of Investigation by William B. Herlands, Dewey's chief assistant. In this capacity he exposed a conspiracy on the part of a group of men to sell questions and answers to candidates about to take Civil Service exams. "It gave me pleasure to break that case up, because under



"Now remember, as soon as I start telling about the need for a new parish house, you come in with your Brahms obbligate—but soft!"



those circumstances Civil Service is completely meaningless," he told us. "I am a great believer in the merit system."

Mr. McCloskey and the five chief assistants he has chosen to succeed the outgoing county sheriffs are, unlike their predecessors, all lawyers; their salaries average around half of those of the men they replace. The Sheriff, who lives in an apartment house in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn with his wife and two daughters, has always been happy that he got out of tires and rubber, but never so happy as he's been since Leon Henderson came along.

Dialect Story

THE movement of troops about the country produces a good many clashes of regional dialects, the worst we've heard of being the following:

Into a drugstore in the Deep South came a lad from Deep New England. We can't do the dialect, but he said, "You got any greeting cards?" The girl behind the counter replied, "Why no, we don't sell vegetables." It was some time before they got together on this, and the explanation was not simple. She thought he'd been asking for green carrots.

Buried Treasure

NOT so long ago we printed a piece about the *Café Society Register*, and about its publisher, a young man named George Peabody, Jr. This piece is also about George Peabody, but not about the *Café Society Register*, although it opens with our reading in a gossip column normally devoted to social doings the news that Peabody was

spending the weekend wading through a ton and a half of wastepaper spread out in the garage of his house in Westport. Somehow, this item said, a priceless collection of maps, letters, and manuscripts dealing with the location of sunken or buried treasure had got mixed up with a ton and a half of wastepaper destined for use in the war effort. It all sounded fascinating, if sketchy, and we immediately dispatched a socially eligible assistant to Westport.

Well, it was no kid, our man reports. He found Mr. Peabody, a tall, dark-haired fellow, floundering around in a welter of average-looking trash spread out on the floor of a two-car garage. He was being assisted by his wife and his small son Harry. Another small son, George, was having a nap in the house. The Plymouth sedan that ordinarily occupies the Peabody garage was standing

disconsolately in the driveway. Elizabeth, the Peabodys' maid, was having her regular afternoon out. Elizabeth figures prominently in the story of how the maps, etc., got mixed with the junk. Seems that Peabody, in addition to collecting the dope on buried treasure, had also, more prosaically, saved up four hundred pounds of newspapers. He telephoned the Y.M.C.A., the local newspaper-collecting defense agency, to call at his house. When the Y.M.C.A. man came, nobody was home but Elizabeth, who just told him to look down cellar, and, as it happened, he took the maps and manuscripts, which were in two cardboard boxes, and left the newspapers. "Have you fired Elizabeth?" our man inquired, and Peabody, rooting like mad through the Christmas wrappings, cancelled checks, and cigarette cartons which seemed to constitute the bulk of Westport's trash, replied, "No, of course not. She's a terrific maid, and, besides, she told me she was sorry." Anyway, Peabody was able to head off the load of trash before it left Westport; for a fee of two dollars, the driver agreed to dump it in the Peabody garage, leave it over the weekend, and pick it up on Monday morning.

Peabody explained that he had always been interested in the subject of treasure-trove and had once "participated" in the recovery of a biggish cache of liquor dropped by a rum-runner. This was in 1931; four years later, his interest had grown to the point where, in the company of three friends, he set sail for Puerto Rico to dig for pirate gold. However, their ship, an elderly schooner, foundered off Hatteras and they had to be rescued by the Coast Guard. Since then, Peabody's treasure-hunting has been on paper. He pointed out to our operative that the load of trash Elizabeth had handed over to the Y.M.C.A. collector contained information bearing on the location of treasure-troves in a hundred and ninety out-of-the-way corners of the world and representing (he said) a total value of two and a half billion dollars.

Even with the help of our man, who pitched in and unearthed a couple of yellowed old maps in oilskin wrappers, Peabody had only recovered about seven-tenths, or one and three-quarter billions' worth, of his documents by Sunday evening. He decided to knock off for good at this point, explaining that to fill out his treasure-trove library to its pre-Elizabeth proportions would take, at most, a year of research, and that he'd rather do a year of research than another

hour of ragpicking. Pretty good story to come out of a gossip column, isn't it?

Solicitude

IF you have any concern about how much interest the big department stores take in the feelings of their employees, you might like to know that during last month's Christmas rush a personnel man in one of them asked a temporary salesgirl he was hiring what her outside activities were. Might as well assign her to some work that would interest her, he said. The girl answered that she was a music student aspiring to a concert career. When she appeared for work the next morning, she found she had been assigned to the musical-toys department as a demonstrator of babies' pianos, bazookas, and kazoos.

First Snow of the Season

THE Japs, notoriously inscrutable, show up at perhaps their cloudiest in the matter of the names given their fighting ships. A fellow who dips into the authoritative "Jane's Fighting Ships" now and then informs us that Japanese destroyers in particular have the cutest damn names. Large destroyers of the Kagero class, 2,000 tons, have names like Urakeze, Siranui, Nowake, and Natusio, and these, unlike our destroyers' names, do not commemorate bygone heroes of the Navy. In translation they are, respectively, Wind in the Bay, Phosphorescent Foam, Strong Wind of Autumn, and Summer Tide. A Dutch bomber got one of these the other day—Strong Wind of Autumn, we rather hope.

Lighter destroyers stagger under names like White Clouds of the Morning (Asagumo), Mist of Flowers (Kasumi), Wind Which Causes the Flapping of a Flag (Hatakaze), Wind of an Arrow's Flight (Yakaze), and Wind Caused by the Stroke of a

Sword (Tatikaze). Skipping at random through the remaining destroyer classifications, the poetry-lover will be rewarded with nuggets like Waves Chasing One Another, First Snow of the Season, A Day of New Year's Celebrations in Old Japan, First Frost of the Season, Evening Thunder Shower in Summer, Waves Whose Beauty Suggests Figures Woven in Silk, Brown-Eared Bulbul, and First Wild Goose of the Season.

Other types of ships, disappointingly enough, are named more in the Occidental tradition, after birds, sea creatures, and mountains. The late Haruna, for instance, was named for Mount Haruna, the site of a Shinto shrine dedicated to two gods name of Homosubi and Haniyasuhime.

Dead Pan

THE 1941 Pontiac of a Connecticut squire began to act up a bit, and he left it in a garage in Greenwich for repairs. It was returned to him the next day, sound as a nut, but he didn't learn what had been the matter until the bill came. It was rather fully itemized, thus: "Massage motor; tune motor; free up heat-control valve; remove clutch pan and remove mouse nest and dead mouse . . . \$6.50."

Weg zu Pan-Europa

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN, the violinist, is a double-dyed timely subject: having just given his first New York concert in five years, playing the Beethoven violin concerto with the Philharmonic, he is about to return to Carnegie Hall, this Saturday, for a recital with a chamber orchestra, and he is, among musicians, one of the earliest opponents of Hitler and a keen political theorist. Last week Huberman came in from Mamaroneck, where he is living these days, and gave us, in the apartment of one of his friends, an interview compounded agreeably of autobiography, musical chitchat, and political prophecy. Politics had a slight upper hand. Huberman, a middle-sized man just short of sixty years, with thinning gray hair and a high forehead, broke out into wild gestures while describing his project for the postwar rehabilitation of Europe. Briefly, it is a European federation of states, based on the Swiss Confederation, which has kept Germans, French, and Italians living side by side for nearly seven hundred years, and quite amiably, too. "Disproving," Huberman told us, "the care-





"I suppose you'll find this pretty tame after grog."

fully calculated theories of cheap politicians that the peoples of Europe inevitably quarrel because of inherited hates."

Huberman published a book embodying his theory as early as 1925, in Vienna. It was called "Mein Weg zu Pan-Europa" ("My Road to a United Europe"). An amplification of it later was published in Berlin—this was in 1932, when people in Berlin were still allowed to have theories—and it had a great critical success. Huberman's all-out attack on Hitler came in 1933, when the Berlin Philharmonic, big-heartedly overlooking the fact that he was a Jew, invited him to play that season with the orchestra, as he had done many times in the past. Huberman replied from Austria with some plain words about Nazism, and the deal fell through. He got out of Vienna a year and a half before the *Anschluss*, which he foresaw. After that he founded the Palestine Symphony, a Jewish-Christian outfit which plays harmoniously, raised \$80,000 for it by himself, and did much of

the recruiting of musicians, aided, he says, by Hitler. "He furnished me with the cream of Europe's orchestras," Huberman told us. Incidentally, the Palestine Symphony is still carrying on, though it is temporarily cut off from big-name guest conductors and soloists.

Politics aside, Huberman has had his little ups and downs lately. Last time he played in New York, his Stradivarius was stolen; Lloyd's bought him another one. Four years ago, flying from Sumatra to Singapore, the passenger plane he was in crashed. Huberman's left wrist was broken and he sustained injuries to his right hand which permanently shortened two fingers. He points out, with considerable awe, that if these injuries had been reversed, his career would now be over. Lots of people, we'll bet, have forgotten that Huberman was an infant prodigy. One of his nicest stories is about his first meeting with Artur Schnabel, the pianist. Schnabel, who was Huberman's junior, played while Huberman listened. When Schnabel was finished, Huberman patted him on

the shoulder. "Work hard," he said. "You have talent, and you should go far." This was a superb example of long-range foresight, Huberman being eleven at the time and Schnabel five. We hope he's equally right in predicting the end of Hitler and the rise of a united Europe.

All Snug

MOST of the towns and villages on Long Island are maintaining some sort of monitor system for air-raid alerts. In Roslyn, this is the duty of the fire department. A sleeping bag has been provided for the man who takes the night trick; he just cuddles up beside the telephone and relaxes while awaiting an alarm. Well, the other night the Mitchel Field people, testing out their system, telephoned all the monitors in the neighborhood. Everyone answered on the dot but the Roslyn man. He called in, forty-five minutes later, and reported that the zipper on his sleeping bag had jammed.



"Of course, if they don't bomb Sutton Place, I'm going to look like a damn fool."

WELCOME TO THE CITY

AS Enders drew nearer to his hotel, he looked up at it through a black drizzle that filled the city streets with rain and soot and despair. A small red neon sign bloomed over the entrance, spelling out "Circus Hotel, REASONABLE." Enders shivered inside his raincoat, walked slowly up the five steps to the entrance, and went in. The air of the lobby was heavy with the ancient odors of ammonia and Lysol and old linoleum and people who depend on two bathrooms to the floor, and over these the odor of age and sin, all at reasonable rates.

Wysocki stood behind the desk in his gray suit, with the markings of all the cafeteria soup in the city on it, his pale face shaved so close that you half expected to see the bone exposed, gleaming and green. A thirty-watt bulb shone down on his thinning hair and on his solid-orange tie, bright as hope in the dark hotel lobby. He was gravely reading the next morning's *Mirror*, his pale, hairy hands spread on the desk in front of him.

Josephine sat in one of the three lobby chairs, facing Wysocki. Under blond hair whose life had been strangled long ago by peroxide and curling irons, her face seemed molded out of powder and rouge.

"The English," Wysocki was saying, without looking up from his paper. "Debaters and herring fishermen," he said. "That's what they are."

"I thought only Jews ate herring," Josephine said.

"Jews eat herring," Wysocki said. "And the English eat herring."

Enders sighed and walked up to the desk. In the chair near the stairway a girl was sitting, a pretty girl in a handsome green coat trimmed with lynx. Watching her obliquely as he talked to Wysocki, Enders noticed that her legs were good and her expression cool, dignified, and somehow familiar.

"Hello, Wysocki," Enders said.

"Mr. Enders." Wysocki looked up pleasantly from the newspaper. "So you decided to come in out of the rain to your cozy nest."

"Yes," said Enders, watching the girl.

"Did you know," Josephine asked, "that the English eat herring?"

"Yes," Enders said, digging into his mind for the face the girl reminded him of.

"That's what Wysocki said." Jose-

phine shrugged. "I was living in happy ignorance."

Enders leaned over to whisper in Wysocki's ear. "Who is she?"

Wysocki peered at the girl in the green coat, his eyes sly and guilty. "Zelinka," he whispered. "Her name's Bertha Zelinka. She checked in this afternoon. You could do worse, couldn't you?" His bone-shaven face creased without mirth, green and gleaming under the thirty-watt bulb.

"I've seen her someplace," Enders whispered. "I know that face. But from where?"

"She looks like Greta Garbo," Wysocki said. "That's where you know her from."

Enders stared at the girl. She did look like Greta Garbo: the long, pale jaw, the long eyes, the wide mouth, her whole face a mirror of passion and pain and deep northern melancholy. Suddenly Enders realized that he was a stranger in a strange city, a thousand miles from home, that it was raining out, that he had no girl, and that no one in this huge and wrangling seven-million town had ever said anything more tender to him than "Pass the mustard." And here, before him, solid as his hand, sat a girl who looked enough like Greta Garbo to be her twin sister. His voice charged at his throat, leaping to say the first tender word in this rat-eaten, roach-claimed hotel lobby, but he could think of nothing.

"Well," he said loudly, looking hard at Miss Zelinka, "I guess I'll turn in for the night."

"Want some company, baby?" Josephine asked.

"No, thank you," Enders said, embarrassed.

"You certainly are a great ladies' man," Josephine said. "Don't you know you'll go crazy, you go so long without a woman? You been here two

weeks, you haven't had a woman all that time. They face that problem in Sing Sing; the convicts climb on the walls."

Enders glanced uneasily at Miss Zelinka. He didn't want a girl who looked like Greta Garbo to hear him mixed up in this kind of conversation. "Good night," he said. He walked past Miss Zelinka and down the hallway to his room, which was on the ground floor at the bottom of an air well and cost him three dollars a week. At his door, he looked back. Miss Zelinka's legs were visible, jutting out like a promise of poetry and flowers in the gloom of the hallway. He went into his room, took off his hat and coat, and fell on the bed. He could hear Josephine talking. It was as though the walls, the vermin, the old and wailing plumbing, the very rats hurrying on their dismal errands between the floors had at last found a voice.

"The papers are full of boys like him," Josephine was saying. "Turning the gas on and stuffing their heads into the oven. What a night! What a stinking whore of a night! They'll find plenty of bodies in the river tomorrow morning."

"Josephine." Wysocki's voice clanged off the walls. "You ought to learn to talk with more cheerfulness. You're ruining your business, Josephine. The wholesale butchers from Tenth Avenue, the slaughterhouse workers, your whole regular clientele—they're all avoiding you. Should I tell you why?"

"Tell me why," Josephine said.

"Because you're gloomy!" Wysocki said. "People like a woman to be cheerful. You can't expect to succeed in your line if you walk around like the last day of the world is beginning in two and three-quarter hours, Bulova-watch time."

"The butchers from Tenth Avenue!" Josephine said. "Who wants them? I give them to you as a gift."

ENDERS lay on his bed, regretting that a proud and beautiful woman like Bertha Zelinka had to sit in the lobby of the Circus Hotel on a rainy night and listen to a conversation like that. He put on the light and picked up the book he was reading.

I was neither at the hot gates
Nor fought in the warm rain
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving
a cutlass,
Bitten by flies, fought—

"What a night!" Josephine's voice scraped down the hallway. "The river



will be stuffed with bodies in the morning."

Enders put down his book. It was hard to read T. S. Eliot in the Circus Hotel without a deep feeling of irony. He got up and looked through the doorway, down the hall. The proud, poetic legs were still there—lean, muscular, aristocratic, stemming down into slim ankles and narrow feet. Enders leaned dreamily against the door, regarding Miss Zelinka's legs. Music played by a well-known orchestra in a night club lit by orange lamps, where no dish cost less than a dollar seventy-five, even tomato juice, and he danced with Bertha Zelinka. Both of them were dressed beautifully, shiningly. He made Bertha Zelinka's eyes—those deep, long eyes charged with northern melancholy—crinkle with laughter and later grow sober and reflective as he talked swiftly of culture, of art, of poet-

ry. "Nor fought in the warm rain," in the phrase of T. S. Eliot, a favorite of mine, 'Nor knee deep in the salt marsh...'"

He walked quickly down the hallway, looking neither to right nor left until he reached the desk. "Have there been any telephone calls for me today?" he asked Wysocki.

"No," said Wysocki. "Not a thing."

Enders turned and stared full at Miss Zelinka, trying by the intensity of his glance to get her to look at him, smile at him.

"Heads like yours, my friend," Josephine said, "they find in ovens."

Miss Zelinka sat passionless, heedless, looking without expression at a point twenty-five feet over Wysocki's shoulder, in the attitude of a woman who is expecting a Lincoln to drive up at any moment and a uniformed chauffeur to spring from it and lead her fastidiously

to the heavy, upholstered door, rich with hardware.

Enders walked slowly back to his room. He tried to read some more. "April is the cruellest month, breeding lilacs..." He thumbed through the book and put it down. He couldn't read tonight. He went to the door and looked out. The legs, silk and skin and firm muscle, were still there. Enders took a deep breath and walked back toward the desk.

"Look," said Josephine, "the shuttle's back."

"I forgot to ask"—he looked straight at Wysocki—"is there any mail for me?"

"No mail," said Wysocki.

"I'll tell you frankly, friend," Josephine said, "you should've stayed in Davenport, Iowa. That's my honest opinion. New York City will break you like a peanut shell."

"Nobody asked for your opinion," Wysocki said. "He's a nice boy, he's educated, he's going to go a long way. Leave him alone."

"I'm only giving him my honest opinion," Josephine said. "I been in New York a dozen years. I see them begin and I see them wind up in the river."

"Will you for Christ's sake stop talking about the river?" Wysocki slammed his hand on the desk.

Gratefully, Enders noticed that Miss Zelinka was listening to the conversation; her head tilted just a little.

"I come from Fall River," Josephine said. "I should've stayed there. At least when you're dead in Fall River, they bury you. Here they leave you walk around until your friends notice it. Why did I ever leave Fall River? I was attracted by the glamour of the Great White Way."

Enders noticed a hint, a twitch of a smile playing at the corners of Miss Zelinka's mouth. He was glad she'd heard Wysocki say he was ed-



"Well, there's one good thing about it. We won't have to feel so sorry for Madame Butterfly any more."

BOOGIE~WOOGIE BALLADS

THE EDUCATION OF MRS. LAURENCE APPLEBY MALTBY

Sing ho ho ho!
Sing hully hully gee!
Sing a song of relief and good cheer!
For Laurence Appleby Maltby's been
Cut down to a dollar a year!



[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, until Laurence Appleby Maltby's voice changed at the age of fourteen, he wasn't such a much. When he asked for more roast lamb at dinner, he just got more roast lamb. When he asked a boy to lend him an agate, the boy just lent him an agate. When he asked a girl to let him carry her books, the girl just let him carry her books.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, but after Laurence Appleby Maltby's voice changed, he was a honey, he was something, he was it, he was holy jumping cats, he was oh my goodness. When he asked for more roast lamb at dinner, his father would give him more roast lamb and promise him a fresh Flexible Flyer and his mother would slip him a dollar for spending money. When he asked a boy to lend him an agate, the boy would give him his whole bag of marbles and his stuffed chipmunk as well. When he asked a girl to let him carry her books, she would let him carry her books and oh my goodness.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, in those early days it wasn't so much what Maltby said, it was the way he said it. His voice rose and fell, twisted and turned, got hot, got cold, was liquid, vibrant, dreamy, and creamy, and he learned to let his eyebrows go up and down with it, to smile with one corner of his mouth and talk through the middle, to make his cheeks pulsate interestingly between phrases by champing his jaw teeth, and to pause so

long between phrases that anybody listening to him would be dying to have the silence broken, no matter by what.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and by the time he got through Columbia University, Maltby had learned how to find things to say as well as how to find ways to say them. "As Carlyle once remarked," Maltby often remarked, "'Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light,'" and if the co-ed in question was unimpressed, Maltby would say, "'Love is a lock that linketh noble minds'—Robert Greene" or "'A caress is better than a career'—Elisabeth Marbury" or "'Let love have his way'—Claudian." But the co-ed usually had been impressed the first time.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, finally tiring of canvassing, as Shakespeare used to say, Maltby decided to settle down, so he champed his jaw teeth and said to a girl whose father had successfully manufactured and marketed a new kind of jello, "'A man without money is a bow without an arrow'—Thomas Fuller." Thereupon and whereupon the girl married him, giving him an arrow, a house on East Seventieth Street, a summer place in Nan-tucket, and an annual income of \$30,000 from securities so gilt-edged that they would give off an extra \$5,000 once a year if you picked them up and shook them.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, being now a bow with an arrow, Maltby used his voice mainly to try to convince people that he was something besides a bow with an arrow. After a dinner party at the Seventieth Street house, when the guests were sitting around not knowing what to do next, Maltby would be standing absent-mindedly behind a chair (or so it would seem) and

uated, that he was going to go a long way.

"If you'd like"—he heard his voice boom out suddenly in the direction of Miss Zelinka—"if you're waiting for someone, you can wait in my room. It's not so noisy there."

"No, thank you," Miss Zelinka said, speaking curiously, her lips together, not showing her teeth. Her voice was deep and hoarse, and Enders felt it grip at his throat like a cool, firm hand.

"May I buy you a cup of coffee?" he said abruptly, hurling the words at Miss Zelinka's head like a hand grenade.

For the first time, Miss Zelinka looked at him. Then she smiled. "All right," she said. She stood up, tall and graceful as a duchess.

"I'll be right back," Enders said quickly. "Just have to get my coat."

He fled lightly down the hall toward his room.

"That's what keeps me poor," Jose-

phine said. "Girls like that. What a night, what a dirty whore of a night!"

"I'M a dancer," Bertha Zelinka, her coat off, was saying two hours later, in Enders' room, as she drank straight whiskey from a water tumbler. "Specialty dancing." She put the glass down and sank to the floor in a split. "I'm as supple as a cat."

"I see," Enders said, his eyes furious with admiration for Miss Zelinka, full-breasted, flat-bellied, steel-thighed, supple as a cat, spread magnificently on the dirty carpet. He self-consciously avoided looking squarely at her, now that he had seen her eating, mouth opened to reveal the ruined, poverty-stricken teeth, jagged and sorrowful in her mouth. "That looks very hard to do."

"My name's been in lights," Miss Zelinka said from the floor. "From one end of the country to another. I've stopped show after show. I've got an uncanny sense of timing." She stood

up and took a draught of whiskey, closing her eyes with a kind of harsh rapture. "I'm an actress, too, you know, Mr. Enders."

"I'm an actor," Enders said, feeling the whiskey beat in his blood, keeping his eyes fiercely and wonderingly on Miss Zelinka. "That's why I'm in New York."

"You ought to be a good actor," Miss Zelinka said. "You got the face for it. It's refined." She brooded over the liquor in her glass. "I had my name in lights from coast to coast. Don't you believe it?"

"I believe it," Enders said sincerely.

"That's why I'm here now," she said. She walked gracefully around the small, flaky-walled room, running her hands sorrowfully over the warped bureau, the enamelled bedstead. Her voice was far-away, echoing, hoarse with whiskey and regret. "I'm very much in demand, you know. I've stopped shows for ten minutes at a time. They wouldn't let

he would give his wife a keen look and a batch of cheek pulsations and she would say, "Laurence, what do you think of this new government this man called Mussolini has introduced in Italy?"—for this was back in 1925, when a lady like Mrs. Maltby might easily have asked a question like that, with preliminary coaching.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, then there would be a pause, during which the guests' past lives would drift through their minds, and then Maltby would say "Power government!" and, still standing behind his chair, would talk along for some little time, ending up with something like "For forms of government let fools contest, Whate'er is best administered is best"—Pope," and the guests would go home suffering from the delusion that Laurence Appleby Maltby was certainly something more than a bow with an arrow.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, Maltby stood behind his chair or in some other dominant position and talked about Humanism when that came along, about Communism when that came along, about Technocracy when that came along, about Hoover when that came along, about Roosevelt when that came along, and about the war when that came along. He trained Mrs. Maltby to ask him the right questions at the right moments and to say "Darling, I think you're so right!" in case nobody else volunteered such an opinion when he got through talking, and he even trained her to make unsound remarks so he could chop her down in front of the guests with dazzling logic and glittering quotations. Hundreds of relatively prominent people became convinced that Maltby certainly was something more than a bow with an arrow, and when there was a vacancy in Washington and nobody in long pants

to fill it, Maltby went down and talked himself into a job as Third Assistant to the Fourth Assistant of the Chief of the Cultural and Mechanical Division of the Office of Aluminum Aggrandizement at a salary of \$1 a year, bringing the Maltbys' gross combined annual income up to \$35,001.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, then Maltby rode triumphantly back to New York in a club car and went to the Seventieth Street house, sent for the butler, and told him to tell Mrs. Maltby he wished to see her in the library, and when she came he said, "Dear, I've been made a dollar-a-year man! As Seneca said, 'The shortest way to riches is by contempt of riches.'"

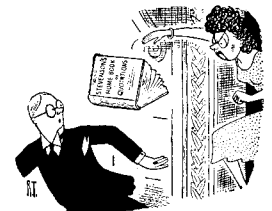
[*Boogie-woogie*]

"Oh, that's fine!" said Mrs. Maltby, who was, after all, the daughter of a man who had successfully manufactured and marketed a new kind of jello, and no fool. "Now you're on your own!" she continued, threatening him with Stevenson's Home Book of Quotations, which is heavier than Bartlett's, and chasing him clean out of the house, after which she obtained a moderately priced divorce in Reno and married a hoarse man whose most frequent remark, both before and after dinner, was "Darling, there is much in what you say," and who was making at the time \$214,000 a year manufacturing and marketing a new kind of airplane propeller.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So sing ho ho ho!
Sing hully hully gee!
Sing a song of relief and good cheer!
For Laurence Appleby Maltby's been
Cut down to a dollar a year!

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY



me get off the stage. Musicals that cost a hundred and fifty thousand to ring the curtain up. That's why I'm here now," she repeated, and emptied her glass. Throwing herself on the bed next to Enders, she stared moodily at the stained ceiling. "The Shuberts're putting on a musical. They want me for it. Rehearsals are on Fifty-second Street, so I thought I'd live close by for the time being." She reached for the bottle and poured some whiskey into her glass.

Enders sat, too full for words, on the same bed with a woman who looked like Greta Garbo, who had stopped musical shows from coast to coast with specialty dancing, who got drunk with the assured yet ferocious grace of a young society matron. He watched Bertha Zelinka with growing passion.

"You might ask," Miss Zelinka said, "what is a person like myself doing in a rathole like this." She waited, but Enders merely gulped his whiskey. She chuckled and patted his hand. "You're a nice boy. Iowa, you said? You come from Iowa?"

"Iowa."

"Corn," Miss Zelinka said. "That's what they grow in Iowa. I passed through Iowa on my way to Hollywood." Half the whiskey in her glass disappeared.

"It seems to me you'd do very well in pictures," Enders said seriously. "You're beautiful and you've got a wonderful voice."

Miss Zelinka laughed. "Do I remind you of anybody?" she asked.

Enders nodded.

"I look like Greta Garbo," she said. "Nobody could deny that. I'm not being vain when I tell you that when I photograph, you couldn't tell me apart from the Swede." She sipped her whiskey, ran it lovingly around in her mouth, and swallowed slowly. "A woman who looks like Greta Garbo in Hollywood is like the fifth leg on a race horse. Do you understand what I mean?"

Enders nodded sympathetically.

"It's my private curse," Miss Zelinka said, tears looming in her eyes. She jumped up, shaking her head, and walked lightly and dramatically around the room. "I have no complaints," she

said. "I've done very well. I live in a two-room suite on the twentieth floor of a hotel on Seventy-fifth Street. The Hotel Chalmers, overlooking the Park. All my trunks and bags are up there. I just brought a few things with me. When you're rehearsing a musical comedy for the Shuberts, you've got to be on tap twenty-four hours a day." She took another drink. "Oh, yes," she said, crooning to the glass in her hand, "I've danced all over the country. In the most exclusive night spots I was the featured entertainment. I'm very greatly in demand." She sat down close to him, her body moving gently and rhythmically as she spoke. "Seattle, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit." She gulped her whiskey. Her eyes clouded and her voice suddenly got very hoarse. "Miami, Florida." She sat absolutely still and tears ran down her face.

"What's the matter?" Enders asked anxiously. "Did I do something?"

Miss Zelinka threw the empty tumbler against the opposite wall. It broke and scattered over the carpet. Weeping, she flung herself back on the bed. "Mi-

ami, Florida," she sobbed. "Miami, Florida."

Enders patted her shoulder.

"I danced in the Golden Horn in Miami, Florida," she went on. "It was a Turkish night club. Very exclusive."

"Why're you crying, darling?" Enders asked, feeling sorry for her, but elated, too, because he had said "darling."

"Every time I think of Miami I cry." Miss Zelinka's voice throbbed with old, hopeless, broken tragedy. "It was in 1936. I was dressed in Turkish garments, a brassiere and veils around my legs and nothing around the middle. At the end of the dance I had to do a back bend. I leaped back and touched the floor with my hands, with my hair falling down to the floor. There was a convention of the metal-trades unions in Miami, Florida. There was a bald man with a badge. The whole night club was full of them." Anguish pulled at her face. "I'll remember that bald son of a bitch until the day I die. There was no music at that part of the dance. Just drums and tambourines. He leaned over and put an olive in my navel and sprinkled it with salt. It was in a magazine, a cartoon, the same thing," she said bitterly. "That's where the fat bastard saw it. It's funny in a magazine. Wait till it happens to you." Miss Zelinka suddenly rolled over on her face, clutching the bedspread, her shoulders heaving. "The humiliation," she said. "Every time I think of the humiliation, I want to die." With genuine sympathy, Enders put his arm around her. "I want to be treated with respect," Miss Zelinka cried. "I was brought up in a good family. Why shouldn't I be treated with respect?" Her voice went wailing up the air well, lost, despairing, full of an ancient and irreparable sorrow.

She sat up and threw her arms around Enders, digging her grief-torn face into his shoulder, clasping him with strong hands, both of them rocking back and forth on the enamelled bed that squeaked and wailed in the little room.

"Hold me tight," she wept, "hold me tight. I haven't got a two-room suite on East Seventy-fifth Street. I got no trunks in the Hotel Chalmers. Hold me tight." Her hands gripped him and her tears and rouge and mascara stained his coat. "The Shuberts aren't giving me a job. Why do I lie, why do I always lie?" Lifting her head, she kissed his throat fiercely.

He shook at the soft, violent pressure, at the wetness of her lips, and the exhilarating trickle of her tears under his chin, knowing that he was going to have this woman, this Bertha Zelinka. Far from home, on a rainy night, he had felt lonely, but now the city was pulling him in, making a place in its wild and ludicrous life for him. As he kissed her, this woman who looked like Greta Garbo, the century's dream of passion and tragedy, this woman whom he had met in a rat-tenanted lobby off Columbus Circle, among whores thinking of death and a Pole in an orange tie checking in each night's transients, age and sin at reasonable rates, Enders felt suddenly at home, accounted for. The city had produced for him a great beauty, full of lies and whiskey and ancient, shadowy victories, a woman with magnificent, proud legs and deep, stormy eyes who wept bitterly because once, in 1936, a bald man from a metal-trades

union had put an olive in her navel. Enders held Bertha Zelinka's head in his two hands, gazing intently at the drunken, beautiful, tear-stained face. Bertha Zelinka looked back at him through half-closed lids, her mouth hanging softly open in passion and promise, her poor, jagged teeth showing behind the long lips. He kissed her, feeling deep within him that in its own way, on this rainy night, the city had put out its hand in greeting, had called, in its own voice, wry and ironic, "Welcome, citizen!"

Gratefully, near tears, hating himself, his hands shaking exultantly, Enders bent to his knees and took the scraped, worn shoes, swollen with the streets' rain, from the long and handsome feet of Bertha Zelinka. —IRWIN SHAW

In one letter Mr. Holman described an escapade with a native boy he had personally trained to work in the office. The boy slipped up behind him and hit him over the head intending to steal. He was caught by local authorities and as punishment probably will be beheaded. An Arabian custom is to cut off the arms or heads of criminals convicted of even minor charges.

Mr. Holman said work in such an environment is fascinating.—*El Paso newspaper.*

Well, diverting, anyway.



"Were those trees there a moment ago?"

A SEASCAPE BY DALI

MISS TAGGART stepped nimbly through the final tangle of mangrove roots, evaded the last of the overhanging branches that snatched at her yellow crocheted suit, and stood erect in the sunlight on the little white beach. "There!" she said. Three buzzards which had been sharing a dead sea trout flapped heavily away.

"Nasty!" Miss Taggart directed an absent-minded reproof at the retreating buzzards. She forcibly separated two thick branches, allowing Mrs. Ogilvie, stout and flushed in a slack suit of light-blue gabardine, to emerge from the mangrove thicket. Charles, Mrs. Ogilvie's chauffeur, dodged the branches as Miss Taggart allowed them to snap back, and crawled beneath, dragging a wicker hamper after him.

"Over there by that log, Charles," Miss Taggart said, selecting the least conspicuous corner of the landscape as the most suitable for a liveried chauffeur.

"And smoke your pipe if you want to," Mrs. Ogilvie added. Charles panted and looked grateful.

"Now, Florence, I'd just like to know if you ever saw anything like this before," Miss Taggart said, her nostrils flaring like a conqueror's.

"No," Mrs. Ogilvie said. Then she added, "No, we haven't got anything like this at St. Petersburg."

The beach was very short; then the mangroves began again, growing out into the salt water. The waves rolled in steadily, pushed by a strong west wind, and the cold, distant winter sun was coasting down into the Gulf of Mexico. In back of the beach was a deep pool that stretched away into a swamp. Several ducks bobbed about in the pool, looking as unreal as Abercrombie & Fitch decoys. Here and there branches of dead trees, bleached a melodramatic white, stuck up out of the beach.

Mrs. Ogilvie stared at the scene.

"Why, *look*—it's all shells!" she cried. From the furthest reach of the waves to the edge of the deep pool was nothing but a high bank of sea shells. They were shoaled up against the tree trunks and sliding into the pool, leaving the sand nowhere visible.

"Best shelling in Florida, that's all," Miss Taggart said. "Not very many people know about it, because you can't just be driven here in a *limousine* with a *chauffeur*. And I suppose old Mr. Chipman thinks he scares people off with his old 'No Trespassing' signs. If he knew I'd found a double Lion's Paw here, I bet he'd sue me. . . . Lion's Paw, dear? Look it up in the book—it's one of the rarest specimens."

Obediently, Mrs. Ogilvie went over and scrambled in the depths of the wicker hamper, pulled out a pamphlet with the title "Sea-Shelling in Florida and the Keys," studied the index, and was eventually rewarded with a photograph of a knobbly, unpromising bivalve. "Very nice," she murmured.

"The prettiest ones are by no means the best collectors' specimens," Miss Taggart told her. "You keep the book—it's all such an old story to me."

Mrs. Ogilvie squatted and picked up a shell at her feet. "I can tell *this* one without the book, Marian—scallop?"

Miss Taggart looked. "Or pecten," she said. "I'd say pecten. Not a bad shell, if it wasn't chipped, and if you had the other half. Throw it away, dear."

"Such a pretty color." Mrs. Ogilvie slipped the shell into her trousers pocket, with a look of guilty defiance. Miss Taggart was already scrambling away over the piled-up shells, shoulders hunched and eyes on the ground. Suddenly she cried, "Well, I declare!" There was a note of pleased excitement in her voice.

"What is it? Did you find something?" Mrs. Ogilvie crunched along after her, clutching the shell book.

Miss Taggart was looking at a de-

pression in the shells that led from the ocean back to the deep pool. "I *think*—yes, I'd bet anything that the water comes through at high tide."

"Well," Mrs. Ogilvie said.

"Oh, of course you wouldn't know anything about it, dear, but it looks like the end of old Mr. Chipman," Miss Taggart said. "You see, his place is right through there, right at the end of the swamp, and all the natives say that the very next time a storm breaks through here it will wash him away. Quite away. Oh, yes."

"Well, isn't that too—" Mrs. Ogilvie began. But Miss Taggart had left her again and was pacing the beach just out of reach of the waves. Mrs. Ogilvie stood helplessly, holding the book. "Charles!" she called after a moment. "You can hunt for shells if you want to. And here's the book."

MISS TAGGART hunted methodically—examining, discarding, occasionally pocketing a tiny marine skeleton, as if she were conducting her own private Last Judgment. Charles gloomily crunched and slithered along over the shells, trying to keep his pipe alight in the high wind. Mrs. Ogilvie sat on the trunk of an uprooted tree and examined the shells at her feet.

"Found anything, dear?" Miss Taggart asked, stopping beside her.

"I was just wondering, Marian." Mrs. Ogilvie wrestled ponderously with the rare phenomenon of an abstract thought. "All these different shells—how many kinds did you tell me there are?"

"The book says three hundred. *P've* found about a hundred and sixty-five since I've been living down here."

"Well, *why*, Marian? I mean, if they just lie there on the sand, under the water, and eat whatever they eat—"

"Algae, I'm told."

"—why do they have so many different kinds?"

"That's another branch of science, dear. They just do."

"And so clean and polished!"

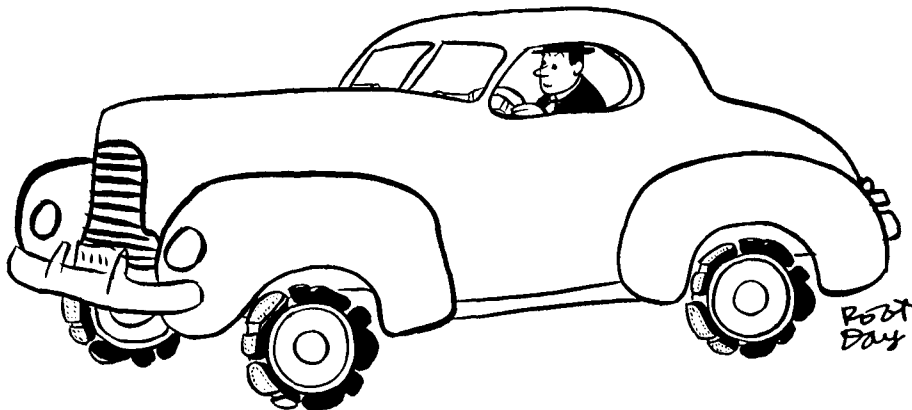
"That's the sand, of course," Miss Taggart told her. "Didn't you ever scrub out a pot with sand? No, I suppose not. But after the animal dies, why, the shell gets scraped around on the sand, and gradually he gets scrubbed out."

"But it must take *years*."

"I suppose it does."

"And then they all get washed up on the beach here."

"Nonsense! You only see the ones that do get washed up," Miss Taggart



said, conjuring up with a sweeping gesture a vast undersea graveyard.

Mrs. Ogilvie, surfeited with thought, looked around her. "Where's Charles?" she said.

"I expect he's gone back in the bushes," Miss Taggart said, with a delicate lack of emphasis. "I haven't done badly," she added, emptying her pockets. "Nothing new, but some good specimens. An Apple Conch, a couple of Left-Handed Whelks—take one, Florence, go ahead—a Paper Fig, a Hungarian Hat—you can have that, too, it's not as good as the one I have back at the cottage—a top shell, this could be half of a Jewel Box, a Thorny Oyster, a Lacy Murex—want it?—a Sailor's Ear, some Kitten's Paws... Hmm, not bad at all."

"My goodness," Mrs. Ogilvie said faintly. "Where do they get such names?"

"Scientists," Miss Taggart said.

Charles came bulging back through the mangroves and approached Mrs. Ogilvie. "Here's a pretty one, Ma'am," he said, dropping a shell into her lap. "I found it down by the shore while I was—it was just laying there." The shell was a tight, graceful curve, fawn-colored, with reddish spots.

Miss Taggart screamed when she saw it. "It's a *Junonia*!" Mrs. Ogilvie and Charles both looked at her dumbly. "They're the rarest shell there is," Mrs. Taggart went on. "I've never found one in five winters I've been down here. Charles, how did you get it?" She looked at him sharply, as if she might suspect him of possessing merman's fins.

"Like I said, Ma'am. It was just laying there."

Miss Taggart laughed bitterly. "I devote my *life* to shells, and *Charles* finds a *Junonia*." Charles looked abashed.

"You take it, Marian," Mrs. Ogilvie put the shell into Miss Taggart's hand.

"I must tell you, Florence," Miss Taggart said, "that a *Junonia* is a very valuable shell—*very*." Charles' fingers moved convulsively, but otherwise he was quiet. "Last winter a Greek sponge fisherman was tied up at Morgan's pier for a while, and he had some that he was asking three dollars apiece for. And if you ask me, that's where Addie



"If you're going to be as particular as all that, it'll take a year to make a million."

Thompson got her *Junonia*, though she says she found it down by the lighthouse."

"Well, you take it. I'll fix it with Charles," Mrs. Ogilvie said.

Charles looked relieved and fumbled in his pocket. "I found another nice one," he said, handing Miss Taggart an orange-and-brown, spiky shell.

"A very nice little Fighting Conch," Miss Taggart said. "You keep it, Florence. I have lots."

Mrs. Ogilvie took the shell, then dropped it with a little scream. "There's something in it. It *moved*."

Miss Taggart examined the shell. In the opening, only partly concealed by wet sand, dimly moving, grayish-pink flesh was visible. "Goodness, the animal *is* in it," she said. She stood up briskly and brushed herself off. "Thank you very much for the *Junonia*," she said. "We'll just say nothing about Charles

finding it, shall we? And Addie Thompson won't be able to make my life miserable any more. If you want to stop and have tea with me before you drive home, Florence, I'll fix your little Fighting Conch for you."

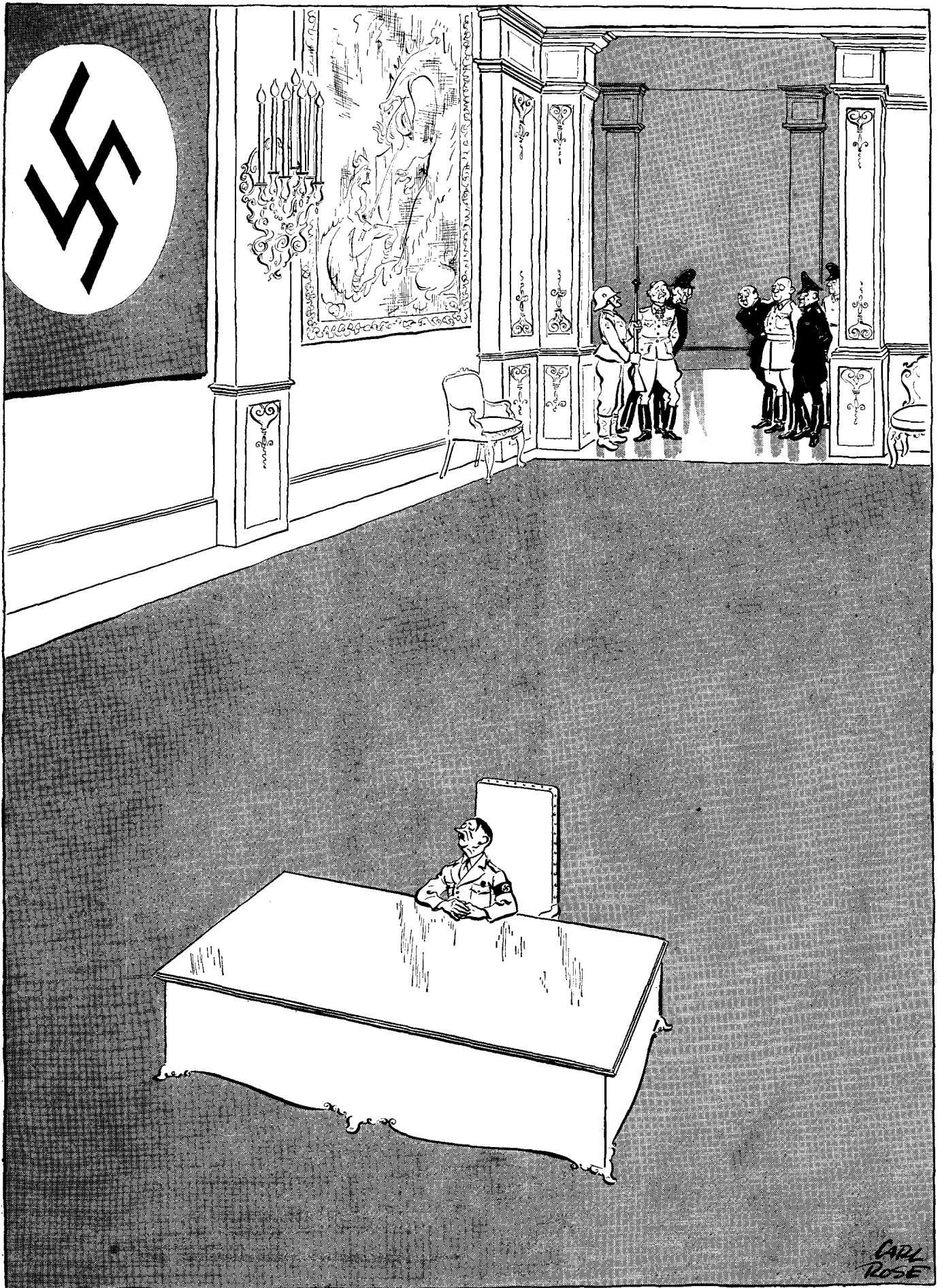
"Fix it?" Mrs. Ogilvie asked doubtfully.

"As clean as a whistle," Miss Taggart assured her. "Usually, when I find a shell with the animal in it, I just leave him out in the yard and let the ants eat him. But you're in a hurry, so I'll boil him out while we have our tea. He'll be ready when you're ready."

—RUSSELL MALONEY

Were President and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt married in the White House?
—Pittsburgh Press.

No, dear. They moved there after the wedding.



THE HIGH COMMAND AWAITS THE ORDER OF THE DAY

* * * P R O F I L E S

HU SHIH'S MUSKETEER-II

ONE day early last spring, Harry Hopkins called up Daniel Arnstein, the New York trucking man and president of the Terminal taxicab company, and asked him if he'd mind taking a little trip to China. The Chinese, Hopkins said, were in a traffic jam. The Burma Road was all clogged up and only a trickle of war supplies was going over it to the front. The United States was preparing to ship about a billion dollars' worth of lend-lease material to China, but before it was sent the administration wanted somebody who knew the trucking business to go over there, find out what was the matter, and get things moving. "Deal me in, Harry," said Arnstein, who had met Hopkins a few years before and discovered they shared an interest in poker, whiskey, and horses. Three months later, Arnstein, whose only contact with the Far East up to then consisted of a few evenings spent at Ruby Foo's, was on his way across the Pacific as a dollar-a-year man. In Chicago, where he started his professional career driving a taxi, in San Francisco, in Honolulu, and in Manila, he assured newspaper reporters and anybody else who would listen that the Burma Road could be made to work like U.S. No. 1. "It's as simple as A B C," he told a reporter in San Francisco three weeks before he landed in China. The farther west he got, the more explicit he grew. "The idea is to go over and install American methods of moving freight," he announced in Honolulu. "Those American methods are the best in the world. They work here and they'll work in Burma."

Arnstein's spirit was willing but his geography was weak. Although the Burma Road begins about a hundred miles inside the Burmese border, most of it lies in China. To reach the road, supplies headed for China are landed at Rangoon, the Indian Ocean port on the southern coast of Burma. From Rangoon they are shipped north by railroad to the Burmese town of Lashio. There the railway ends and the Burma Road begins. Stretching northeast from Lashio over some of the most formidable mountain country in the world, the road winds up at Kunming, a distance of seven hundred and twenty-six miles. At Kunming it joins another highway, which leads to Chungking, capital of

Free China and final destination of supplies. With the exception of food and the domestically manufactured rifles and bullets, every ounce of war material that China needs must find its tortuous way over the Burma Road. It is an incredible journey. At one point the highway dives from a height of seventy-two hundred feet to twenty-five hundred feet and climbs again to seventy-five hundred feet within the space of forty miles, less than the distance from New York to Norwalk. In spots the road is as wide as Fifth Avenue, but for over half the way its width is only nine feet. Nowhere over its twisting course can a driver see more than an eighth of a mile straight ahead. The top speed for safe driving (or what passes for safety on the Burma Road) is fifteen miles an hour. The road is unpaved and is without a single fence or guardrail. During the five months of the rainy season, from May through September, the roadbed dissolves into a mass of mud. The rest of the time it is an endless cloud of dust and thick with mosquitoes; there are also landslides and air raids, and cholera, typhoid, and malaria flourish along the route. In the early stages of its construction four out of five workers on the road died of malaria.

Like the Great Wall of China, the Chinese portion of the Burma Road was built by hand. With a government appropriation of less than \$2,000,000, construction began, after the outbreak of war in eastern China, in August, 1937, at which time the British also went to work on the Burmese side. Chinese men, women, and children were recruited from villages along the route of the new road. Supplying their own food, shelter, and tools, they set to work, for three or four cents a day, chipping at the mountainsides with adzes. A few compressed-air drills for drilling holes in which to plant dynamite charges were their only modern equipment. Stone rollers were used to smooth the road. They were chiselled out of the rock by hand and drawn along by bullocks. To make fills, earth was dug out of the cliffsides and carried in baskets wherever it was needed. In December of 1938 the Burma Road was opened to traffic. During the sixteen months which had elapsed a quarter of a million Chinese had hacked out a road



Daniel Arnstein

over seven hundred miles long and built some two thousand culverts and almost three hundred bridges, including two important suspension bridges where the highway crosses the Mekong and Salween Rivers. Japanese aviators have been trying for months to bomb out these two bridges. They have scored several hits, none of them critical. But even if one of the bridges were destroyed, traffic would not be halted for long; the Chinese have devised temporary expedients of one sort and another to keep trucks moving across the rivers. The Chinese are philosophical about bombs and air raids. "It cost Japanese a thousand dollars for bomb to make hole," one interpreter explained brightly to Arnstein, "and it cost Chinese eight cents to fill it up."

FOR several months after the completion of the Burma Road it was not an important route for goods entering China. Throughout 1939 and the first part of 1940, the bulk of China's supplies still entered at Shanghai, Hangchow, Canton, and other coastal ports, which were later occupied by the Japanese. In addition, close to forty thousand tons a month were being shipped by railway and road through French Indo-China. When France fell, the Japanese inveigled Indo-China into refusing to allow goods headed for China to cross her territory. The Burma Road was now the only route of consequence from the outside world into Free China. Then Britain, also acceding to Japanese pressure, closed the Burma border to all traffic and for three gloomy months China was completely blockaded. In October, 1940, the border was re-

opened and trucks began moving over the road again. The results were disappointing. Although more than a hundred thousand tons of vital materials were piled up in Burma awaiting delivery, an average of only about four thousand tons a month was reaching Kunming. This was scarcely enough for an army of three million men. During 1940, two commissions, one British and one American, were dispatched to China to unclog the lifeline. Both got bogged down in Chinese politics and nothing happened. In February of last year, Lauchlin Currie, lend-lease administrator for China, returned from Chungking with this and other disheartening information. He made his report to the White House. Late the following month, Harry Hopkins got in touch with Arnstein, who was on a fishing trip off Key Largo, in Florida. He left for Washington the next day to talk with Hopkins, Currie, and T. V. Soong, the Chinese Foreign Minister. The more Arnstein heard about the job to be done the more certain he became that he was the only man in the country who could handle it. "I began to get the American angle in all that Far Eastern stuff," he says, "so I decided to go over and do the goddam job myself."

To help him on the mission, Arnstein picked a couple of his friends, Harold C. Davis, vice-president of Consolidated Motor Lines, the largest trucking company in New England, and Marco Hellman, a transportation expert associated with Lehman Brothers. Davis, a burly, hardheaded, good-natured ex-truck-driver who, like Arnstein, came up the hard way, took along a movie camera and two other cameras and conscientiously kept a day-by-day diary of the trip. Hellman, who is small, quiet, and a Harvard man, had the title of financial adviser and doubled as diplomatic expert. Whenever Arnstein would profanely bawl out a Chinese official, Hellman would smilingly explain that all American businessmen talked like that. Arnstein's function is explained by an entry Davis made in his diary shortly before the mission's departure. "Dan seems to have the whole expedition departmentalized," he noted. "Whenever any problem arises, he says, 'Harold, that's your department' or 'Mickey [Hellman's nickname], that's your department.' When we asked what *he* was going to do, Dan said, 'Hell, I can't be tied down to a department. I'm going to do all the thinking on this trip.'" Before Arnstein and his colleagues left, they had inoculations for smallpox, chol-

era, and typhoid. Arnstein, who likes to get things done fast, took his cholera and typhoid shots together. Afterward he felt a trifle chilly, so he downed a few double Scotches. The combination left him physically dishevelled and he set out for China with a curious typhoid-cholera-whiskey hangover.

AT eight o'clock on the morning of July 12th, the American mission arrived in Chungking, and at five o'clock that afternoon they were received by Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Arnstein was surprised by the simplicity of the Generalissimo's living quarters, a small frame structure with fewer rooms than his own house on Beekman Place. Through an interpreter, the Generalissimo made a nice little speech thanking the Americans for the personal and financial sacrifices they were making in coming to help China. Arnstein, a man of many words, made a long speech in reply. In the midst of his declamation he put his foot on a low table, apparently under the impression that it was a running board, and knocked a vase of flowers into Hellman's lap, leaving him very moist. "Dan paid no attention," Davis wrote in his diary. "He just speeded up the conversation." At a fast clip, Arnstein informed Chiang Kai-shek that he had served in the first World War and that he figured he ought to be doing something for his country again, even though he was, at fifty, too old to carry a gun. When all this had been relayed to the Generalissimo, he smiled and replied, "The service you will render here will be much greater than any single soldier with a gun." He added that he was going to send a message to his troops telling them how Mr. Arnstein had left his business to come and work for China at a salary of a dollar a year.

After paying his compliments to Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang, Arnstein was eager to get started on his inspec-

tion trip over the Burma Road, but the Chinese seemed to be in no great hurry. For ten days he and his party lingered in Chungking, where they were unceasingly entertained by Chinese officials. One of the biggest functions was a dinner party for eighteen at the home of General Ho Ying-Chin, the Minister of War. The affair, as Davis observed in his diary, was a brilliant social triumph for Arnstein, who sat at the General's right. "After our glasses had been filled with rice wine," the entry reads, "Danny started right off the bat calling for a toast to General Ho's health. This seemed to startle our hosts a bit, as they generally ease into it, but it broke the ice, which up to then had made the party rather stiff. We had some more rice wine, and General Ho called for a toast to Danny's health. After dinner we killed a bottle of Russian brandy and polished off with some Five-Star Hennessy." The General's enthusiasm died sometime before dawn, but Arnstein was still in high gear.

Finally setting out, Arnstein and his colleagues flew to Kunming, where a convoy of four new Dodge sedans and a truck to carry baggage was waiting for them. Besides the Americans, the expedition included five Chinese chauffeurs, two interpreters, T. C. Chen, a government official who had something to do with supervising traffic on the road, a pair of soldiers, and a cook. The cook, as it turned out, just went along for the ride, since the supply of G. Washington coffee, baked beans, and other canned goods which Arnstein had brought all the way from San Francisco was inadvertently left behind in Chungking. They stayed overnight in whatever accommodations they could find and picked up their meals at the homes of minor provincial officials along the route. Most of the time they slept, when not kept awake by rats, on straw mats. One night they put up at a temple. "It was the best place in town," Arnstein says, "but it was full of those goddam idols." He and his colleagues made the trip from Kunming to Lashio in five days, driving until late at night and stopping during the day to inspect trucks, look over the meagre service facilities, talk to truck drivers they encountered on the way, and make exhaustive notes on their observations.

TO truckers who had managed some of the biggest motor freight lines in the United States, the situation on the Burma Road was fantastic. Sixteen separate governmental agencies had a





"Damn it, I'd dive right down their funnels!"

hand in running it. None of them kept any records of the amount or kind of cargo moved or how long it took trucks to make their runs. Each agency was running an independent business with its own fleet of trucks and repair stations. One employed thirty mechanics to take care of fifty trucks while another had fifteen men to service a fleet of a hundred and fifty. In the village of Hsiakwan, Arnstein found a dozen trucks belonging to one government agency laid up for lack of spare parts. Across the road in a garage owned by another agency were all the spare parts needed. Apparently nobody had figured out how to get them to the other side of the road.

Arnstein also discovered that more than half the traffic on the Burma Road was made up of private trucks hauling commercial cargo instead of war mate-

rials. Between Lashio and Kunming, these trucks had to check in and out of eleven customs houses and provincial toll stations. When private trucks were held up at these stations, government trucks were also often delayed, sometimes for days, since the road at many points is too narrow to permit passing. As a result, government trucks were taking from ten to thirty days to make the 726-mile run. Arnstein learned of one instance in which twenty government trucks carrying paper currency for the Central Bank of China were held up en route for a total of eleven days. Some of the toll stations were collecting legitimate taxes. In one case, however, Arnstein found an enterprising provincial official who had set up a little toll booth on his own and was halting trucks to collect what he vaguely re-

ferred to as school taxes. At Wanting, a town on the Burmese border, drivers had to struggle past eight desks before getting on their way. Arnstein's own convoy was held up at Wanting for six hours because two hundred and fifty trucks, lined up three abreast, blocked the road. To add to the delays, officials at the toll stations were operating on a business-as-usual basis; they opened at eight and closed at six, regardless of the number of trucks waiting to clear. At one station, Arnstein noticed an official sitting in his office in the middle of the day reading a magazine while trucks outside were lined up for a quarter of a mile. "The son of a bitch was sitting there with a smile on his puss reading *True Confessions*," Arnstein says, still furious.

Of the scores of trucks which Arnstein inspected on his trip over the Burma



"Have they decided not to have M-Day?"

Road, not one showed any sign of having been greased. The Chinese drivers, it turned out, had never heard about greasing, and consequently their trucks stood up for only about a dozen round trips. Out of 2,887 government trucks, 1,480 were in working order; the rest were laid up, mainly because of lack of lubrication. Whenever machines broke down, the Chinese abandoned them at the roadside. In a field near Kunming, Arnstein counted a hundred and sixty trucks which had been left to rust, and at Lecfong a hundred and eighty more, many of them with good tires. "To think," said Dan, who kept lecturing his Chinese companions en route, "that the U. S. A. sent over fifty thousand tires, and then I come along and find a situation like this. What's the idea?" On the journey, Arnstein carried on an endless monologue about lubrication. Stopping a truck on the road and finding the shackles, springs, and steering knuckles dry and caked with mud, Arnstein would haul the driver out of his cab and give him a lacing in English. Not understanding what all the racket was for, the driver would scramble around under the truck with Arnstein, nodding and smiling politely, and then get back in his truck and wave a cheery goodbye. Arnstein felt frustrated.

Changing a tire on the Burma Road, Arnstein found, was a major operation taking about half a day. Having no jacks or tire irons and no tools except a

pair of pliers, a screwdriver, and a hammer, a driver, when he got a flat, had to round up four or five coolies and a barrel. Using a stout pole as a lever, all hands hoisted the axle and rolled the barrel underneath. If no barrel was handy, the coolies hauled over a boulder. Since even the simplest tools were scarce, Arnstein was surprised to discover an elaborate and expensive mechanism known as a power tester in a ramshackle repair shed deep in the interior. Nobody could explain how a power tester, which is a sort of stethoscope to test motors and is usually found only in the best-equipped garages in this country, had wound up on the Burma Road. The Chinese regarded it with wonderment and admiration. "The more we go into the problems here," Davis observed midway in the trip, "the nuttier they seem. We have to take time out occasionally and play a couple of games of cards to relax our brains."

Their brains grew tense when they discovered that several of the trucking agencies had a rule requiring drivers to wash their own trucks several times a month. They saw many drivers, with their trucks loaded for the road, working on them with a bucket of water as late as ten in the morning. In the repair shops they found mechanics spending all their time trying to fix up the government's oldest trucks while new ones were being allowed to run as long as they would without attention. Government trucks on the road were moving

trucks, and front springs were snapping constantly. In addition, one-and-a-half-ton trucks were being loaded as heavily as a four-ton truck should be. This was not entirely the fault of the Chinese. Arnstein found that some of the American companies selling trucks to China had been painting "4 ton" on every one-and-a-half-ton vehicle before it left the assembly plants in Rangoon. Since the Chinese were paying for large trucks, they figured they were getting them and loaded them up accordingly. Each truck had to carry, in addition to its regular cargo, enough gas—five large drums—to make the round trip. Often something went wrong, and trucks got stranded for lack of fuel. In Chungking, Arnstein saw seventy trucks in good condition which had been laid up for three weeks because they had no gas for the return trip. To complicate the overloading problem, government drivers were in the habit of illegally carrying commercial freight, which they called "pidgin cargo," and passengers, known as "yellow fish." Arnstein stopped one small truck to inspect its cargo and see how it was loaded. He lifted the tarpaulin at the back and "yellow fish" started tumbling out. Altogether, eleven passengers, along with a sizable legitimate cargo, were packed into the truck.

By American standards of professional ethics, Chinese drivers were no great shakes. They were being paid two hundred and fifty Chinese dollars a month (about \$10 U.S.), but some

in convoys of between fifteen and twenty vehicles, a practice which provided an unduly attractive target for Japanese bombers and also limited the progress of the entire procession to the speed of the slowest truck. If one of the trucks broke down, the rest of the convoy would hang around until the repairs had been made, even if it took six or eight hours. Inspecting and adjusting carburetors to conserve gasoline was as unfamiliar a practice as greasing; Arnstein estimated that the Chinese were wasting from twenty-five to forty per cent of their gas. Loading was haphazard. The Chinese stacked the heaviest freight in the front of the



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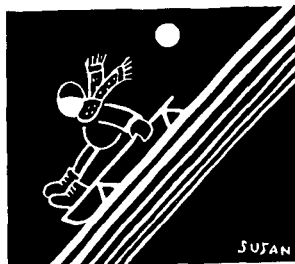
were picking up from \$1,000 to \$1,500 (Chinese) a month in graft, which is more than a Chinese government minister's salary. Meeting a private truck in trouble, government drivers would stop and agreeably remove from their own trucks whatever parts were needed, sell them at a good price, and enjoy themselves for a few days with mah-jongg, wine, and the local girls. Although theoretically under strict military discipline, drivers were apt to mix business with pleasure on a grand scale. After a night of carousing they would get out on the road about noon with a rice-wine hang-over. To save gas, which they could sell at forty Chinese dollars a gallon along the way, they had a dangerous habit of coasting down the twisting, spiraling grades, the ignition off, one foot on the clutch, the other on the brake. Since the road opened, thirteen hundred trucks have disappeared over the side.

ARNSTEIN and his assistants reached the end of the road on July 26th. Three days later they flew to Rangoon, where they put up at the Strand Hotel, and, after spending their first evening at the Silver Grill, the only night club in town, they began work on their report to Chiang Kai-shek. Dictating in relays to a pair of Burmese girl stenographers, they turned out a hundred and forty double-spaced typewritten pages of irate observations, sizzling complaints, and sweeping but simple recommendations. By August 5th, these had been condensed under Hellman's direction into a final draft of thirty-five pages and Arnstein had returned to Chungking and delivered a copy to Chiang Kai-shek. The report was written in Arnstein's own kind of diplomatic language.

The fanciest and most tactful word in it is "intolerable;" it is also the most frequent. "The main reason that practically no tonnage is moving the full length of the Burma Road," the report begins, "is due to an entire lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of motor transportation by the men now in charge. The present governmental agencies that are trying to operate trucks on the road are overloaded with executives and office personnel. No one gets right down into the actual operating end of the business." The report goes on to prescribe a remedy for every ailment.

Eighteen hours after receiving the report and having it translated, Chiang Kai-shek acted on one of its strongest

recommendations, ordering the customs houses and toll stations on the road to stay open twenty-four hours a day. He also gave orders that instead of eleven toll and customs houses scattered along the route, one central office to transact all this business be opened at a place where ample parking space was available. He directed that any delay of a government truck of more than half an hour be reported directly to him. Another recommendation was to disband the sixteen government agencies and to appoint an experienced trucking man, preferably an American, to have authority over all operations on the road. The Generalissimo agreed, and this post has been filled by Lieutenant Colonel James Wilson, a West Point graduate who has had seven years' experience in the trucking business. Following Arnstein's blueprint and reporting to Chiang Kai-shek, Wilson is now installing a truck-dispatching system modelled on American lines. Six terminals are being set up along the road at intervals of a day's run. Besides mechanics and equipment for greasing and repairing trucks, each terminal will include comfortable overnight accommodations for drivers. When the terminals are completed, drivers will be required to check out of one in the morning and into the next that night. The convoy system has been abandoned, so each driver will be on his own. Before taking to the road, trucks will be rigidly inspected, to make sure they will not break down in transit. To man the terminals, six managers, a maintenance supervisor, and eighteen dispatchers and mechanics, all Americans hand-picked by Arnstein and Davis, arrived in China about six weeks ago. Within the last few



days, Arnstein has received word that a second group, consisting of forty-six American managers and mechanics, who were stranded at Manila when war was declared, are now on their way to Rangoon and will presently be at work in China. Acting as teachers, the technicians from the United States will train the Chinese in American methods of greasing, repairing, and loading trucks.

Taking another of Arnstein's recommendations, Chiang Kai-shek ordered that all private trucks arriving in Rangoon from America be required to carry government freight and gasoline on three out of every four trips over the road. This proposal alone has

been responsible for getting at least a thousand additional tons of freight to Chungking every month. Construction of a gasoline pipeline into the interior is under way, and filling stations are being set up along the road from Lashio about halfway to Kunming. Forty-five hundred new heavy-duty American trucks are now rolling over the road, and more are on the way. A start has been made on a project to pave certain sections of the highway with American asphalt, ten thousand tons of which have already arrived. Schools have been opened to teach Chinese drivers the fundamentals of handling their machines; the instructors are Americans employed by the truck manufacturers. Government trucks are now permitted to carry two paying passengers apiece; half the money collected goes to the driver, the other half to the government. To enforce this rule and to keep drivers from hauling contraband freight, coasting down grades, and selling parts of their trucks, prowling cars have been ordered to carry on a constant patrol of the highway. The road police, Arnstein says, will have their hands full, since they will have to protect the drivers not only from themselves but also from the outside interference of highway robbers, who flourish in considerable force along the Burma Road. You can't change a nation overnight, he points out, and in frontier country you have to expect a certain amount of Wild West stuff. What is more important, in his view, is that the road is being kept open and that so long as supplies keep moving over it in increasing quantity China can continue to defend herself and ultimately take the offensive. Arnstein is confident that this vital freight will keep moving. Practically all lend-lease material for China has been shipped by way of South Africa, so even if Singapore should fall, he thinks, supply ships could still reach Rangoon. At least a hundred American flyers, all of whom resigned from the United States Army or Navy to aid China, are now assigned to defending the Burma Road from air attack. They have so far been notably successful. "There's been some squawking in the papers lately about conditions on the road," Arnstein says. "God knows it's no Boston Post Road, but at least the stuff is moving now." Specifically, the amount of freight moved over the Burma Road since Arnstein went to work has increased between four and five hundred per cent.

Chiang Kai-shek, pleased as he was with Arnstein's work on the Burma

Road, was even more delighted with his diplomatic coup in getting Great Britain to remove the Burmese transit tax on lend-lease supplies. Before Arnstein arrived, China had been required to pay the government of Burma a tax of one per cent of the value of these supplies. The levy did not apply to British goods headed for China. Frequently the Chinese did not have the cash to pay the tax, and badly needed lend-lease material was piling up on the border. When Arnstein heard about this, he began calling on Burmese officials, starting with the Defense Minister and winding up with U. Saw, the Premier of Burma, and Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the Governor General. He told them all caustically and a bit profanely he thought it was not only unjust but shortsighted to make it difficult for China to get supplies to fight an aggressor that might someday be attacking Burma itself. Sir Reginald and the other officials gave him tea and a polite brushoff. When Arnstein got back to Chungking, he called in newspaper correspondents and raged about the tax. "I'm no politician," Arnstein exclaimed, "I'm just a truckman. But I say this tax has got to go and, believe you me, it's going. Wait till this story busts wide open in the United States." Three weeks later the British Embassy in Chungking announced that the transit duty had been abolished, thus saving China several million dollars a year.

THE night before they left Chungking to return to the United States, Arnstein, Davis, and Hellman were invited to dinner by Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang Kai-shek made a speech effusively praising the report and proposing that the three men take control not only of the Burma Road but of all the roads in China. They could name their own salary, he said. When they turned down the proposition, the Generalissimo suggested that at least one of them remain. Finally, he proposed that Arnstein and his colleagues form a commercial company, backed by Chinese government funds, to take over the Burma Road and operate it as a private concession. Arnstein declined in a speech that nevertheless pleased the Generalissimo. "I don't see why we should make money out of the war when the Chinese themselves can do the job," he said. "This system will work. If it doesn't, I'll be back in three months to fix it. If it does, I'll be back in six months to get a pat on the back." Chiang Kai-shek seemed cheered, and

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replied in English, "Good, good, good." As they were leaving, he presented each of the Americans with an autographed picture of himself. Three weeks later they were back in New York. Arnstein was met at the airport by his wife and daughter and escorted home by a fleet of fifteen Terminal cabs, the windows of which were plastered with stickers reading, "Welcome Home, Dan."

Since his return, Arnstein has found it difficult to settle down to routine business. He worries a lot about the Burma Road and flies down to Washington frequently to talk with Harry Hopkins and Lauchlin Currie, the lend-lease administrator, and get reports on how things are going over there. "Danny's heart," one of his friends said recently, "belongs to China." A few weeks ago about sixty of Arnstein's friends gave him a belated home-coming party. Among the guests were Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese Ambassador, and Dr. C. L. Shia, the president of the Chinese News Service. After Davis had shown the pictures he took in China and Arnstein had made a long talk, the Chinese guests spoke about the guest of honor. "I prophesy," said Dr. Shia, winding up his address, "that Mr. Arnstein's name will be recorded not alone in the history of China but as well in the history of the world." After comparing Arnstein with Porthos, the strong man of the Three Musketeers, Dr. Hu Shih, too, put him down as a likely candidate for the history books. He was more specific. "As for the others," said Dr. Hu, "I cannot say. But when I write my history of China, Mr. Arnstein's name will be there." Since Dr. Hu Shih is considered by some people to be the greatest Chinese scholar since Confucius, the tribute was impressive. When the party was over, Arnstein walked down the street with a few friends to the Copacabana. He danced a couple of sambas, and then, in a warm glow of Scotch-and-water, he fell to musing on his position as a historical character. "Imagine," he said, "a goddam hoodlum like me going down in history." —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Arnstein.)

Women have husbands, sweethearts, brothers, fathers, sons, bosses, co-workers and the friends of same. They deal with tradesmen, school principals, drivers of public conveyances and salesmen. MEN FIGHT FOR THEM, WORK FOR THEM AND ARE DIVORCED BY THEM.—From an article in *Writer's Digest*.

Ladies, it's a pleasure!



POPPA PASSES

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH first came into my life almost precisely twenty years ago, when I was in school somewhere near Philadelphia. "I belled, but it didn't make," a housewife of the neighborhood was reported to have said, meaning, I suppose, that she rang but nobody answered. At the time this seemed to me extravagantly funny, as all such distortions of the language are apt to seem funny to the young and unwary. My next encounter with this method of speech—no more eccentric, perhaps, than timestyle—came last week at the Guild Theatre, to which I was invited to see a play by Patterson Greene called "Papa Is All," meaning, as you un-

doubtedly know, "Father Is Dead." I am sorry to say that the humor of the transplanted Teuton appears to have diminished. Mr. Greene's work, obviously presented by the Guild as a dialect comedy, struck me as an anecdote at best and the dialect, sustained for roughly two hours, soon began to make me wish I was somewhere else. The trick of literal translation from a foreign tongue is a standard and very useful device of American wit, but, like "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" played by a seal, it is possible to get enough of it.

Mr. Greene's comedy (or anecdote) has to do with domestic tyranny in a Mennonite community near Lancaster,

Pa. For a good many years, it seems, Papa has been busily thwarting the simple aspirations of his household. Jake, who is taking a correspondence course in mechanical drawing, wishes to install a telephone and electric lights; Emma wants to be allowed to behave like the other girls—specifically, to go to the movies now and then with a surveyor (I follow the local pronunciation) she happens to know; and Ma, as far as I can tell, merely likes to go out and gossip with the neighbors. Papa controls all these dissipated impulses with a bullwhip. In the course of the inevitable rebellion, he gets tapped on the head with a monkey wrench and loaded into a freight car, and if it had chanced to be eleven o'clock, this might well have been the end of the play. There was, however, still considerable time to be consumed, and so the author was obliged to provide additional complications, none of which will be disclosed here, partly because of ethical reticence but mostly because of sheer lethargy. On the whole, "Papa Is All" can hardly be recommended to your attention. It has its moments of gentle, silly charm, but they are too few, and much too far between.

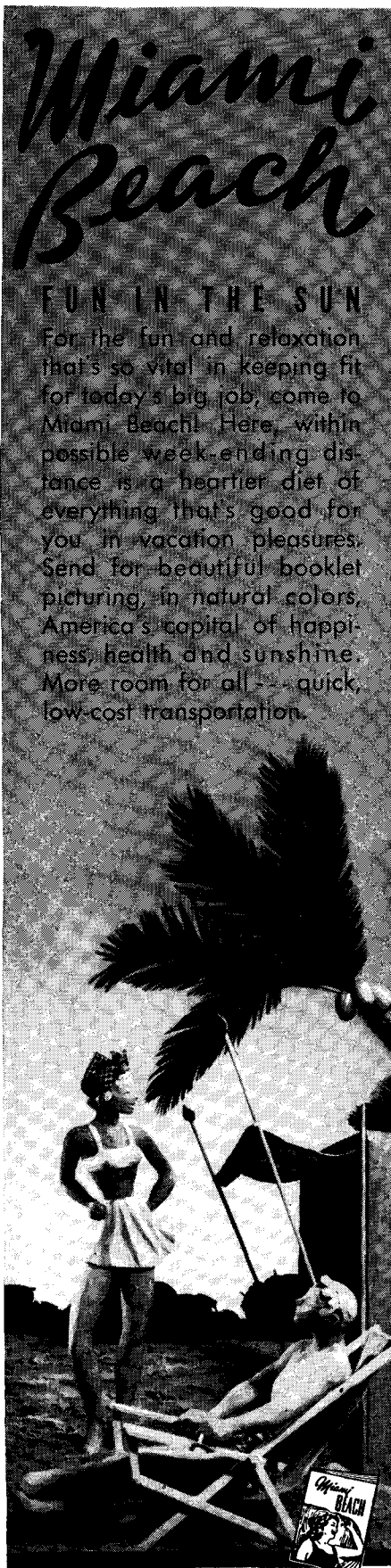
Jessie Royce Landis, a beautiful actress, capable of the purest diction, has agreed to get herself up in a gray wig and talk backward for the occasion. She is very good at it, but I can't help feeling she has made a mistake. The others include Carl Benton Reid, Celeste Holm, Emmett Rogers, and Dorothy Sands.



"Huh! Jes' a-sweatin' on de chain gang. Huh! All th' live-long DA-A-A-A-A-Y!"

"JOHNNY ON A SPOT," at the Plymouth, was a farce adapted from something or other by Charles MacArthur, who once collaborated on "The Front Page" and also has other points of interest about him. Dealing with the effect of the death of an alcoholic statesman on his satellites, this job exhibited some twenty-eight characters in furious and continuous motion, a good deal of humor of a surprisingly elementary and biological nature, and only very intermittent symptoms of Mr. MacArthur's considerable sardonic intelligence. When you know that the protagonist (who didn't appear) died in a bordello and that most of the evening was spent in trying to conceal this embarrassing fact from the press and the opposition, you probably know all that is good for you. The author's direction suggested that he was as anxious to get the whole damn thing over with as I was.

Keenan Wynn, Edith Atwater, Will Geer, and Joseph Sweeney showed what seemed to me a rather touch-



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ing conviction that the lines they were asked to say were really quite funny.

THE final error of the week, something called "The Lady Comes Across," at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, had to do with the F.B.I. and its efforts to recover a list of foreign agents concealed in a pair of corsets. Musical comedy, generally speaking, is an elementary form of entertainment, but I hesitate to believe that it is quite *that* elementary. Aside from this plot, there was not a great deal to report. A comedian named Joe E. Lewis sang a couple of songs that would probably have seemed a good deal funnier late at night in a small room; Mischa Auer demonstrated that the humorous technique of the screen isn't always exactly suited to the stage; Evelyn Wyckoff, substituting for Jessie Matthews, looked pretty enough but appeared to lack something of the brisk authority necessary in a leading woman; there was some stylish dancing by a team called Gower and Jeanne, who astonished me mildly by carrying on a conversation, since I had always assumed that dancers were mutes; Wynn Murray, Ruth Weston, and various other reliable performers turned up from time to time, apparently looking for work; and there was a lot of very expensive scenery, including that old representation of a lighted Ferris wheel which is almost standard equipment on the musical stage. Notes written on a program in the dark are notoriously unreliable, but, if I'm not mistaken, one of John La Touche's lyrics contained the lines:

Just like Ernest Dowson,
I was prone to carousin',
But Cynara I been faithful to thee.

There was nobody in the cast called Cynara. It was just one of those literary allusions. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

Then the two men threw back their shoulders, faced one another, and tossed off the six drinks with mechanical precision. As the third pair of glasses touched the bar with a single clink, the Poles did a military right-face and walked out of the pub.—*The New Yorker*, December 27, 1941.

That leaves one of them going back to the bar for a nightcap, the lucky fellow.

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[From the Post]

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OF ALL THINGS

THE war budget of fifty-nine billions is too vast a figure for human comprehension. Nature has a merciful way of deadening such blows.

Experts warn us that these gloomy announcements from Berlin may be some new kind of Nazi trick. With all this bad news from the Far East, they might at least let us enjoy Hitler's sufferings.

It is some comfort to know that the Japs have made one serious error. They had their minds so much on the war that they forgot about that old China incident.

We are told that the new Red army on the central front is partially equipped with arms captured from the Nazis. Americans will heartily endorse this compulsory lend-lease aid to Russia.

There seems to be a mysterious epidemic of illness among German generals. One explanation is that they are all sick of the generalissimo.

Rumors persist that hungry Finland may be willing to settle with Russia and get out of the war. No doubt the United States and Britain would guarantee a square deal and some square meals.

Because of more pressing matters, we are not to have any more performances by the Senate committee investigating the movies. The only thing we can do is grin and bear it.

Clarence Budington Kelland has issued his first statement as publicity director for the G.O.P. It is our war-time duty to engage vigorously in politics, says this popular writer of fiction.

Ex-King Carol would like to join the cast of United Nations as the leader of Free Rumania. It will be somebody's painful duty to tell him he is not the type.

The railroads are expected to benefit from the restrictions on motor traffic. We always knew that the iron horse would come back.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 11 (BY CABLE)

THE Houses of Lords and Commons in their Thursday debate on the war situation sounded pretty much like most British homes at the moment—anxious, highly critical, and just plain wrathful. Londoners were pleased to hear that a noble Lord had upped and called Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham a nincompoop, a polite version of what they have been calling him in private. They were not so pleased, however, by the dexterity with which Mr. Attlee, standing in for the Prime Minister, avoided committing himself or anybody else in a statement which, as the *Times* dryly commented next morning, "could scarcely have been more economical of information." The questions which everybody is asking were put back on ice, presumably to be dealt with by Mr. Churchill on his return. It's hoped that they will then be answered as fully as possible within the limits of national safety; if they're not, many people expect a major blowup of public and Parliamentary indignation. Canberra is not the only worried capital in the Empire by a long chalk. Londoners react superbly to disaster, but they, no less than the Australians, would like to know whether the current disasters couldn't have been avoided and to be reassured that they won't happen again. At the moment, the British feel that neither information nor reassurance is forthcoming.

About the outcome of the war, there are no doubts; about the immediate present, there are unfortunately plenty. Enthusiasm over the President's stupendous armament program and the Russian successes couldn't quite make the public forget that its own troops were falling back day by day in Malaya and that a monkey wrench, officially described as bad weather, had been slipped somewhere into the Libyan works. To the thousands of retired eastern administrators who in Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells now lord it over half an acre of garden and a detached villa called Darjeeling or The Peak, the loss of ground in the East is not so tragic as is the loss of prestige. Ground can be recovered, but those same former servants of the Empire fear that the prestige of the British Raj, which they and their fathers have tended in years of lonely exile, is taking a sickening wallop. There is now open apprehension

that there will be more and harder wallops to follow before Wavell is likely to be able to pull anybody's chestnuts out of the fire. Those who know Singapore have been looking grave over the possibility of blood perhaps proving thicker but less precious than water in the community's defense. It was thirst that ended the resistance of Hong Kong, and old-timers from Malaya fear that Singapore, most of whose water is piped over from Johore, may find itself in no better shape to withstand a long siege.

It is ironic that the Chinese, for whose cause the British have risked nothing but sentiment, and the Russians should now be supplying the solitary rays of light in the sombre landscape. The talented lady who writes acid verses in the *New Statesman* under the name of Sagittarius has come out in the current issue with a ditty purported to have been overheard at the Carlton Club, the holy of holies where all good Tories go to die. According to Sagittarius, these gentlemen are now crooning, "Oh, Stalin is my darling, my darling, my darling; Stalin is my darling, the old *molodets*," which is Russian for "good fellow." Along with the outburst of gratitude toward the Kremlin, there has lately been a good deal of respectful argument as to whether the B.B.C. is correct in giving the old *molodets* the Continental prefix of "Monsieur" or whether the news announcers should copy Mr. Eden, who on his return from Moscow came right out with a plain Anglo-Saxon "Mr. Stalin" and no nonsense. It probably would be more appropriate if the B.B.C. would copy the Moscow announcers, who referred to their visitor simply as "Eden," with no bourgeois trimmings at all.

MR. ATTLEE made the public a present of one bit of good news on Thursday, which was the information that something was at last being done about training a special branch of the R.A.F. for the defense of airfields. The general relief at this was tempered by the exasperated wish that experience had filtered the lesson into official skulls a trifle earlier. Quite ordinary people grumble that they have been alive to the danger ever since Crete. Meanwhile, they hope that Hitler won't mind holding off the invasion until the new airfield force is ready to cope with it. The name of the director general in



charge of the force, Major General Liardet, was unknown to the majority of the public. His home village remembers him as a cheerful, energetic man and a great hand at producing local amateur theatricals. Behind the scenes, he was once responsible for a good deal of the success of the yearly military spectacle, the Aldershot Tattoo. Maybe this is a happy omen, as it suggests exactly that dramatic instinct and flair for handling large masses of men and material in which British military organizers have so often and so disconcertingly seemed to be deficient.

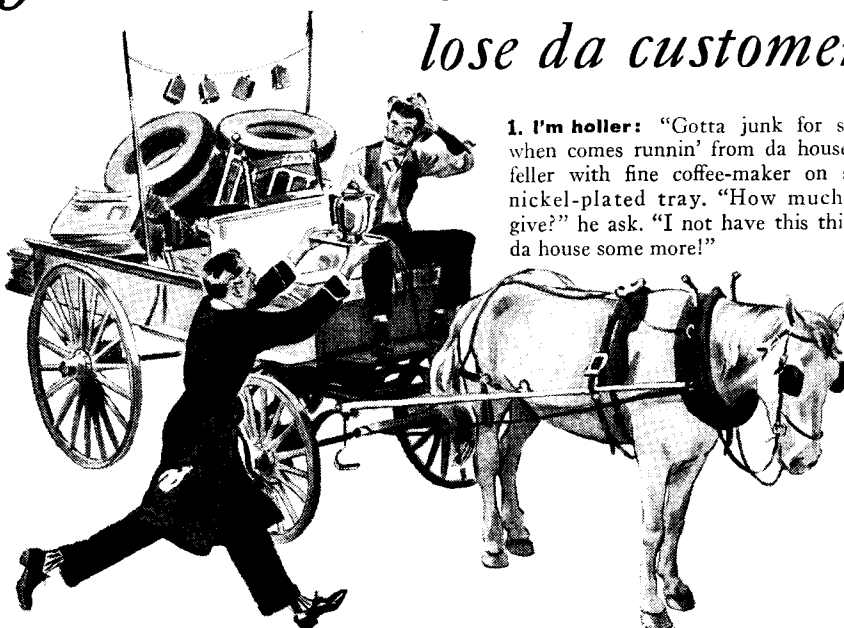
ACCORDING to Lord Woolton, the Minister of Food, the British public is going to have enough to eat during the coming year. The Ministry's recent survey of the past and future situation was a cheering one. Most Britons seem to feel that the Minister has done a fine job, except for his egg-rationing scheme, which came in for a good deal of grumbling, and his apparent failure to do more than to attack the fringes of the black market. The problem which he's up against at the moment is the public's flat refusal, despite a costly national publicity campaign, to take whole-wheat bread to a bosom in which is firmly implanted the age-old idea that white bread is the symbol of genteel civilization. Switching to whole-wheat bread, which utilizes eighty-five per cent of the flour instead of the seventy-three per cent used in white bread, would mean a substantial saving of shipping space. A formidable battery of doctors and scientists has been brought forward to stiffen patriotic arguments with the personal one that whole-wheat bread is better for you since it contains the valuable vitamin B₁, which is eliminated from white flour. Noting that the British public evidently preferred to go on eating white bread even at the risk of being a little under par, the Ministry of Food announced despairingly some time ago that synthetic B₁ would again be put into white loaves, as it used to be. So far, for some reason, this hasn't been done except in South Wales. It seems a long way to go for a vitamin.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Miss Norma Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Duncan, who is a freshman at Ithaca College majoring in piano and minoring in violin, has been appointed drummer in the Ithaca College symphony orchestra.—*Middleburgh (N.Y.) News.*

She's probably just a natural-born drummer.

How to win da friend... and lose da customer!



1. I'm holler: "Gotta junk for sale?" when comes runnin' from da house one feller with fine coffee-maker on shiny nickel-plated tray. "How much you give?" he ask. "I not have this thing in da house some more!"



2. "What's a-matta you?" I ask. "No like da coffee?" "Sure!" he shout. "I love da coffee. But da caffein, she's keeping me awake! I never touch da coffee again!" I say: "Mister, you makin' one beeg meestake!"



3. "You try da Sanka Coffee!" I say. "She's good coffee, 97% caffein-free, an' no can keep anyone awake!" He don't look like he's believin' me. "They take the caffein out?" he ask. "And this no hurt the coffee?"



4. "No!" I'm daim, "Sanka Coffee, she is deesh! Only da caffein is comin' out. Flavor, she's stay inside. Sanka Coffee is ver' good blend of fine coffees from Central an' South America. My friend, here is good coffee!"



5. "Look!" I say. "You no wanta sell da coffee-maker! You keep! You go buy one can Sanka Coffee. Drink him every meal. You will love theese coffee, an' you will sleep like da bambino!" "Tony," he say, "I try!"



6. Comes one other day I'm drivin' by, he call to me. He say he drink Sanka Coffee an' sleep like crazy. An' he give accordion as present for Tony who tell him about Sanka coffee, she's lettin' him sleep!

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MRS. GRINNELL

FROM the time my cousins and I were children, Mrs. Grinnell and her husband, the Judge, occupied the opposite poles of our esteem. The Judge had his tennis court kept up for us—it was the only decent court in the very small, remote village where we spent our summers—and late in the afternoon he would wander across the lawn to bring us little packages of caramels and watch us play. He was never very talkative and our conversations with him were largely in pantomime, because by late afternoon he was in a benign alcoholic fog and could only smile and wave. Those of us who were sitting on the grass waiting for our turn to play would eat caramels and go on with our chatter without including the Judge, who sat on a bench leaning his hands on his stick and beaming at us vaguely and owlishly from time to time. He was a big, heavy man with a very red face, enormous horn-rimmed glasses, and a sunny disposition—unquestionably a man of good will. We agreed, even the sternest of us (and we were all pretty stern in those days), that for Mrs. Grinnell's husband to keep himself slightly buzzed was no more reprehensible than taking aspirin for a pain.

Mrs. Grinnell didn't enjoy her summers in the village, which had been the Judge's childhood home. She would have liked to go to Watch Hill and play bridge. She was a handsome, well-preserved woman who usually dressed in strong primary colors. She had hard, bright-blue eyes, ginger-colored hair, and a pronounced aura of disapproval; there were a few lines in her face from rage and disdain, but none from worry, fear, doubt, or geniality. She didn't like our bicycles clattering up her lawn, or our tennis balls bouncing into her garden, or our carrying young voices, which disturbed her after-luncheon nap.

But when we got old enough to play bridge she often wanted us to fill out a table. Bridge was her mania and much of her life was devoted to forcing people to play with her. In the winter, as she frequently explained, she played only with expert players and for high stakes, but in the summer she couldn't be particular and hauled in anyone who could sort his cards. She gave evening

bridge parties and issued the invitations far enough ahead so that there was no escape. We and our visitors, usually our boarding-school and college friends, were dragooned into attending these functions. Our parents said, "You cannot use her tennis court all summer and then refuse her invitations." So we had to dress to the teeth and go. Mrs. Grinnell herself always wore a sequin sheath with a deep décolletage. She had bought the original in Paris and had had it copied in different colors. It suited her rather menacing style. In it, she looked like a gold, or green, or iridescent crocodile.

The parties started promptly at eight-thirty; there were usually three or four tables of bridge in the living room and library and a table of poker for the Judge in the dining room. Mrs. Grinnell greeted her guests succinctly and unsmilingly, and in a very short time she had us seated at our tables without fuss or confusion. Then she joined the sorry table she had arranged for herself. As hostess, she always took the worst table, which usually boiled down to me and two other young people—my house guests. This was not necessarily the sacrifice of politeness, because what she missed in bridge she made up in heckling. Other people's mistakes were as much fun for Mrs. Grinnell as a high score, so she couldn't possibly lose at bridge.

Before cutting for the deal, she always explained the system of bidding she preferred and then suggested that we play for a nominal stake as a deterrent to carelessness. From time to time, as the cards were dealt, there was a rather harrowing interval, which she devoted to finding out who in the name of heaven my friends were. Quickly and efficiently she uncovered the inadequacies of their background, parentage, and education. Often she unearthed something

quite discreditable—that a young man went to a college she had never heard of, or didn't belong to the right clubs at a college she had heard of, or that the father of a girl named Bigelow was no Bigelow she could possibly place. This made my shier friends nervous. After the inquisition was over we could get on with our game.

Whenever we paused to try to count trumps or remember what had been bid, she watched us with hard, bright, angry

eyes, and after a hand was played she inquired with weary contempt into our motives for every discard. Sometimes she lost because of our unpredictable blunders, and in silent outrage paid what she owed—she always had the exact change, which she extracted from a brocade bag with a rattling gold chain. At twelve o'clock, sandwiches and whiskey-and-soda were served, and then we could go home. The Judge would stand swaying in the lighted doorway, all black and white and bright pink, and wave until we drove away.

WE never saw the Grinnells in the city, of course, where Mrs. Grinnell could play bridge with her peers, and after I grew up and could get home only for brief vacations, I saw them less often in the summer. When someone told me just last autumn that the Judge had pneumonia, I was afraid I had watched him wave goodbye for the last time. It didn't seem likely that anyone so old and red-faced and so rarely quite sober could pull through. Then, one day a couple of weeks ago, I saw Mrs. Grinnell sitting in the lobby of the Waldorf, which was teeming with women who were pouring in through the Park Avenue entrance on their way to a benefit luncheon. She was dressed in heavy black. I decided that it would be easier not to see her until I had written a proper note of condolence, and tried to slip through the crowd, but she turned just then and saw me, so there was nothing to do but go over and speak to her. She was sitting with a pale, thin, middle-aged woman, a cousin who sometimes visited her in the summer, and she was not in mourning after all, I noticed when I approached her head on. She had two large maroon chrysanthemums pinned to the jacket of her black suit. So it seemed all right to inquire for the Judge.

"He's quite well now," she said, snapping her mouth shut like a turtle and staring impatiently around the lobby.

I said I was delighted to hear it; I had heard he had pneumonia.

"He was extremely ill," she said. "What I have been through no one will ever know. For ten days he was at death's door. Now he is sitting up and eating solid food."

"It was nothing short of miraculous," the pale cousin said.

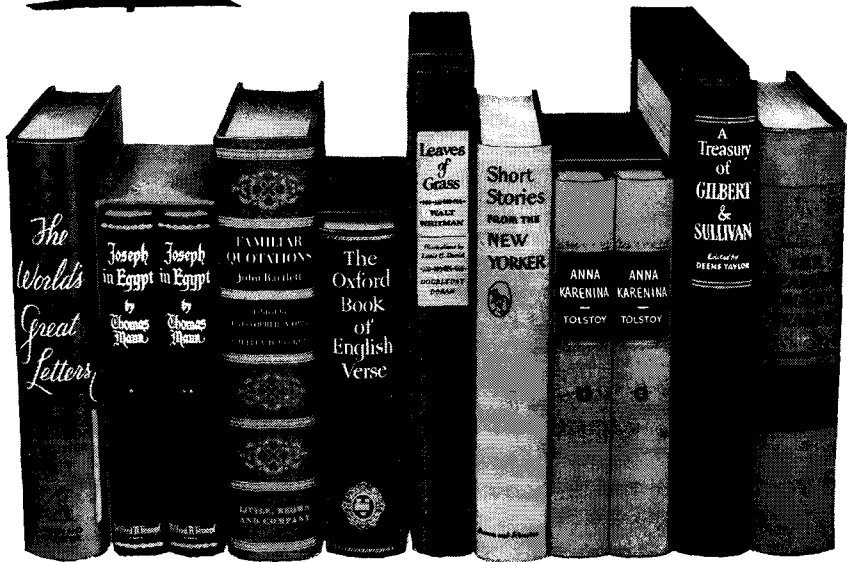
"It's this new treatment they have for pneumonia, I suppose," Mrs. Grinnell said. "I can't tell you what I have endured. I stayed at the hospital, of course. Clear up at 168th Street. It



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was very difficult, because I had a great many things to attend to."

"How she kept going, with so little sleep . . ." the cousin said to me. "I was afraid she would break down."

"I didn't have time to break down," Mrs. Grinnell said grimly. "There was too much to attend to. Not only my husband's illness and the doctors and all that, but business affairs. I had to think of the future. The doctors warned me that there was only one chance in a thousand. There were four doctors at the end."

"At the end?" I asked.

"When his temperature dropped to normal," she said. "I had just had an offer for the house in the country."

"You couldn't have endured to go back there without the dear Judge," the cousin said.

"It seemed providential at the time," Mrs. Grinnell continued, "having an offer for that house. You can't sell a place like that unless someone particularly wants it. I could have gone to my sister in Watch Hill."

"Such a strain for you," the pale cousin said nervously. She seemed to be troubled by a sense of *comme il faut*. "So hard to have to think of things like that when you were so worried."

"I am that way," Mrs. Grinnell said. "I never leave things to chance. I have to know exactly where I stand and what I am going to do. I had everything in order, no matter what happened. I even ordered my mourning." She glared at her cousin. "I had to, naturally. I am not easy to fit and nothing would have been ready. I have always worn colors, and there wasn't a stitch of black in the house."

"Black is very becoming to you," I said feebly.

A smile that was positively affable lighted up Mrs. Grinnell's face. "Everyone tells me so," she said with gratification.

—ELEANOR GILCHRIST

"Before you ask me, I might as well tell you that I don't collect anything in the world. I am a thrower-away. The only thing I stick to is a shack standing in the middle of seven acres of ground in Connecticut. From there is the most soul-stretching view this side of the Grand Canyon. And then—you never know," smiles Eloise Davison, "some day I ma lose my job and be pretty near penniless; then it is nice to know where you can go—tonghlienbroughtwasanfY't "Ica and, if nothing else, live on wild berries."—*The Herald Tribune*.

You could always go to Wales.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ROME, that great antique, is now the capital of Germany's newest province, Italy. To judge by information which reached here before Mussolini bustlingly declared war on the United States on December 11th, this latest war will change nothing; it will merely intensify everything that has been going on in Italy during the past six months. For years, Il Duce has been adjuring his subjects to "live like lions." In Italy, lions customarily live in cages. The Italians are now living like lions. In the nineteenth century, Italy went through bloody revolution, civil war, and other republicanisms, preliminary to founding a united, constitutional, modern kingdom specifically created to drive its German-speaking overlords back to their home in Vienna. Now, in 1942, Italy must listen to the new gentlemen from Berlin. At the close of the first World War, Il Duce invented Fascism as a twentieth-century, neo-classical imperial machine. Now, in the second World War, he is paying royalties on his own patent to Der Führer, who perfected the idea under Nazism.

Within the past six months, in many Italian public buildings, the portraits of King Emmanuel have been replaced by photographs of Adolf Hitler. According to recent and angrily informative correspondence, written before December by Italians to some of their five million relatives and friends living in our country, the German soldiery has been riding free in Italian trams while the Italian private has paid his own fare. The German Army rides first-class in Italian trains, with dining-car and sleeping accommodations, and in Italian stations Italian porters carry the German luggage exactly as if the visitors were foreign ladies. Meanwhile, the Italian soldiers eat, sleep, and travel in freight cars and tote their own kit, lighter now that there aren't enough extra boots or blankets to go around. In Germany, returned Italian workmen report, the *Hausfrau* serves to her family three times as much bread, five times as much meat, and seven times as much fat and oil as the Italian *mamma mia* is allowed for her rations, owing to the fact that the Nazis are importing—the polite old economic word is still used—at least eighty-five per cent of

COME DOWN, GIUSEPPE!

everything the Italian farmer raises on his lovely land. In some categories, the Nazi take is even higher. Last summer Germany absorbed four hundred and eighty per cent more Italian tomatoes than the year before. Italians love their tomatoes so much that they call them *pomodoro*, or golden apples, and, indeed, they cost Italians sixty cents a pound last July. There is little Neapolitan sauce this winter to put on Italian spaghetti, since there is nearly no *pomodoro* paste. Neatly proportioned to the sauce is the weekly ration of three ounces of meat—a morsel of beef as big as two fingers. Furthermore, there is only a third as much spaghetti, that Italian staff of life, as is normal to the Italian plate. As the Italians soon learned to lament after the first World War, no matter who wins, Italy loses. Being a co-partner of what has been, up to now, the winner, Italy has so far lost enough to put her in a spot somewhere just above that of conquered France. The German system of occupation in both countries has been similar, the wording different, and the result practically the same, but the realization of what it means has been slower to take shape in and to shape the increasingly disillusioned Italian stomachs, ears, eyes, and minds.

ACCORDING to letters received here—many in amateur code and many candid ones complacently passed

by an inefficient censor—the Italian people, just before the Italo-American war broke out, apparently already revealed three important, clear-cut dissatisfactions, racial, political, and material, with their lot. The gravest and most incurable of these is the first, the Italian people's historic dislike of the German peoples. Whether Austrian or Prussian, they are all *Tedeschi*, so far as Italians are concerned, and suspect. To hate is part of the theoretical Fascist political stimuli, but so far the easy-going Italians have been failures at it. Though during the past few years the Italians haven't exactly loved their ideological enemies (the British blockaders; the French Popular Frontists, who contemptuously called even proud Romans *les macaronis*; and the godless, anti-Catholic Soviets), today the only race most Italians have learned to hate is their allies, the Germans. Not long before our Civil War began, Venice, plus about three-fourths of inland Italy, was still suffering under the harsh Austrian conqueror, and even Italian women, if too patriotic, were being given the bastinado by the Viennese *Gauleiters*. These bitter memories are still alive. Now, the Italians say, they are having to take orders in German for the first time since their national hero, red-shirted Giuseppe Garibaldi, led Italy and the Risorgimento to freedom from the Hapsburg yoke. Last spring, after the Italian defeat in the African campaign, three hundred thousand German soldiers suddenly began

swarming into Italy in what was grimly called a gesture of fraternal solidarity. Shortly afterward, on the pedestals of the hundreds of statues of Garibaldi which animate Italy, one morning there appeared, scrawled in chalk, an appeal to their savior: "*Giuseppe, scendi! Ci sono i Tedeschi!*" ("Come down, Giuseppe! The Germans are here!")

Rome seems convinced that for every two high-up Italian Fascists in the government ministries there is at least one not even very high-up Nazi who successfully throws his weight about. Every Italian businessman knows that since last July the Nazis have taken over the management of the telephone exchanges, the post offices, the electric-power plants, the railroads, the bus,



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Even though it is unlikely that many Italian women yearn to wed members of the occupying German Army, such a marriage is forbidden by the blond intruders in an Army decree, which, since it implicitly puts the black-headed Italians in a position of sub-Aryan inferiority, they find insulting. Even fraternization is forbidden to German soldiers, though probably not so much for fear of race pollution as to avoid street fights. Wherever German garrisons are stationed, Germans behave like aristocratic conquerors, take over the town's best restaurants, post signs saying "For Germans Only," and bring in their own German waiters. The German officers have already had experiences in ordinary Italian restaurants with Italian waiters, who, by pretending not to understand what the *Tedeschi* order, are able to bring them the worst dish on the menu. What with macaroni already reduced by ersatz flour to a nasty brownish color and taste, there are lots of bad dishes for waiters to choose from.



THE second thing most Italians don't like in their own country is their politics. The main economic point of Fascism in the first place was that Italy was a poor country without enough colonies and the Italians were a poor people without enough hope, and that Fascism was going to provide a supply of both. Since the day that Axis politics pushed Italy into the war, Italian soldiers have been in a humiliating position to note that she has lost about three-quarters of her colonies to the British, that the Australians and Germans are fighting it out for possession of Italy's Libya, and that, though the pallid King of Italy is still theoretically Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie is the emperor who is physically sitting once more on the Ethiopian throne.

Among the inefficient Fascist War Council's bitterest critics are Italian parents whose sons froze to death on Greek mountains in cotton uniforms intended for other parents' sons fighting in Libya, where they probably received winter overcoats. Most Italian mothers and fathers also know that thousands of sons have been dying with the Germans in the disastrous Russian campaign in which, even if the Germans were not losing, the Italians would gain no province. Nor do the Italian soldiers expect to make a much better showing to the

world now that they've been dragged into war with the United States—a war which, as Italians' letters to their American cousins made clear, many Italians were dreading as a sort of strange, unlucky civil war in which they would be fighting their far-away, foreign blood relatives.

Because Fascism is a nationalist ideology, much of its early strength and appeal came from its exalting of militant patriotism, which, as older citizens' enthusiasm cynically waned, still served to inspire the younger males. Now even they ask sadly, "Where is the patriotism of *il Fascismo*? It has handed unhappy Italy over to the Germans." And the university students, who from the beginning of Fascism until the entrance of Italy into Germany's war were the trained chalice-bearers and cheer-leaders of the Fascist regime, have finally defaulted. In the Universities of Naples and Padua last June, the students who were asked to form volunteer battalions as a spur to Italy's lagging military spirit bluntly demanded, in exchange, to be given passing marks in their examinations; furthermore, they threw paper wads, scribbled over with scandalous references to Il Duce, into Il Duce's visiting officials' faces. At the University of Rome, the students, rather than join up, chose to dunk their university president into a rococo fountain. From all the universities combined, exactly forty undergraduates enrolled for the voluntary battalions. As punishment for the students' attitude and because they were no longer to be trusted as young Fascist leaders, they are today drafted into the Army as common soldiers, though previously a student entered automatically as what used to be known as an officer and a gentleman.

ITALY's third dissatisfaction—which is with material conditions, meaning principally insufficient food and fuel—is the most important of the trio of grievances, because the Italian population blames the shortages on the objects of the two other grievances, the hated Germans and the unpopular Fascist regime, so quite a cumulative effect is achieved. The food shortage in Italy, as in all parts of Europe except Germany, is unquestionably acute. Italian doctors say that the public health has actually improved because people are eating less starchy, oil-soaked *pasta*. The people say that they feel underfed and school children are usually sleepy from malnutrition. The dread pellagra has reap-

peared in the valley of the Po. What seems to be undeniable is that Italy is reduced to living on fifteen per cent of the food she used to consume. Even middle-class wives who have had enough time to stand interminably in food queues and enough money to patronize the black market on the side have said in letters received here that the preoccupation with food fills their days and nights. Poor city people, who have no extra time or money, merely take their regular rationed quantities of food, principally cheese, though it's low in fat content; vegetables, though oil to cook them in is often lacking; and bread, though sixty per cent of its contents is several things other than wheat. Some school children were recently asked to state in class what a good Italian's patriotic duty was in wartime. One little miss, daughter of a high Fascist official, gave as her definition "In wartime every good Italian should hoard food, like my dear mamma." Hoarding can be punished by heavy fines or death.

Because of the increased impatient grumbling of these Italian masses, the Fascist Party has recently threatened what it dialectically calls "a return to the origins." Evidently this phrase refers to the brutal repressive acts on which Fascism based its difficult rise to power. The Fascist are still in power, and, perhaps because of the dissatisfaction they give, will probably be held there, if only by their Machiavellian German ally.

The second material shortage, that of fuel, falls more equally than the food scarcity on rich and poor alike. Nature failed to endow Italy with coal, war with England cut off English anthracite, and Germany is now the coal baron of Europe. This winter she made Italy pay in advance for a ration of household coal for a normal one hundred and twenty-five days of winter heating, then sent enough for only forty days of seven hours a day, at a total cost to the householder of about \$24 per room. Italy, being out of luck generally, is now enduring the coldest winter she has known in twenty years. To keep warm in their apartments, smart young Roman matrons wear their chilly ersatz woollen slacks, which a recent edict forbids them to wear on the street. (Slacks were popularized among chic Italian women by Contessa Edda Ciano, Mussolini's daughter.) Peasants, to keep warm and cook their noontime dinners, have been cutting down their magnificent old olive and mulberry trees for fuel. This has scandalized the Germans, who say they need the olives for oil and the mulberry leaves for silkworms, which in turn are

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needed to make silk for German parachutes. Doubtless, however, no German could be as shocked at the necessity for these destructive rural deeds as the classic-souled, landscape-loving Italian, axe in hand.

These short coal rations which Germany is sending to Italy seem to some seasoned observers not so much proof of a scarcity caused by war and transportation difficulties as evidence of a German industrial plan to destroy partner Italy as well as everybody else in Europe. Certainly it is noteworthy that in the past twelve months Germany has sent only thirty per cent of the commercial coal which Italy needs for her vital domestic and war industries. Because of this shortage, many of the biggest factories of Milan and Turin are losing one out of every six work hours. As a result, impatient German suggestions have already been made to Italian capitalists that, since Italians don't seem to get much done anyhow, they should ship their factory machinery to the Rhineland, where men are blonds. Furthermore, as for labor, Germany since August has been demanding that ten per cent of Italy's skilled workmen should volunteer, as the Germans call it, to work in Germany. The volunteering is arranged by a Nazi official's conscripting every tenth man on the Fascists' lists of skilled laborers and bundling him off to Germany. There, curiously enough, these Italians, whose delicate fingers have been trained in the tradition of a nation that produced the wonderworks of the Renaissance and who today are still rated as the most dexterous and talented artisans of Europe, are put to work as laborers in the fields or are sent down with a pick and shovel into the mines. Reports smuggled out by these men to their families back home declare that in the bombed districts the Germans, whenever it is possible, are decentralizing their factories by installing the machinery in the laborers' cottages. The men also mention queer, repellent Nazi foods. These included ersatzes which they had heard of but had never had to taste before and something which the Nazis described as artificial blood. This horrified the drafted Italian workmen, who have always been too poor to have much taste for meat but who, when they get it, like it well done.

Small businessmen are now also angry as the government and the war push them to the wall. Though one

of Fascism's earliest popular planks was a promise to save the little businessman at the expense of the big, rich combines, today the Italian state grants to the great corporations the exclusive right to buy and sell materials vital to the conduct of the war. The result is a series of big-business Fascist oligarchies, busy supplying the tools to fight what they call other countries' plutocracies. As for the Italian poor, they angrily say that the only people who could ever have hoped to grow rich on Fascism are the Party Fascists. Even the government newspapers, in a nervous attempt to regain the people's favor and trust, last autumn indignantly reported prosecutions of Fascist Party men (usually small fry) for trafficking in the black food market at terrific prices and profits. Three months ago the black market went out of business, not because of reform but because there was no longer sufficient food to supply it. One of the things kept out of the papers is all news of the wave of robberies which, because of poverty, is sweeping through the cities. For years after Mussolini came to power he was praised as the man who made Italian trains run on time and suppressed Italy's bands of thieves. Today workmen waste hours on slow street cars, and throughout Italy second-story men have been so busy at night that some large insurance companies refuse to insure householders against robbery.

In higher commercial circles, the venality which is spreading like a plague over all Europe as a result of gross or petty tyrannies, business restrictions, and the thousands of permits that must be signed before contracts can be undertaken has forced bribery onto most Italian businessmen as a bureaucratic expedient. The businessman has found he can speed things up only by giving fat presents to

Fascist Party officials, to their lobbying henchmen, or to Fascist Party officials' lady friends, who, as members of an old, influential European profession, seem to be coming into their own again. Even

men now prefer bribes of jewelry to money. In September, the sale of jewelry was forbidden, but there is still no law against giving it away. The Fascist government's October announcement that the forthcoming annual budget would take three-quarters of the Italian national income, the consequent crack on the Rome stock market, the soaring of prices of necessities, which in some cases cost five times what they did a year ago, and an increase of about twenty-five per cent in the volume of paper currency have



demoralized any remaining civilized esteem for money per se, even as graft.

There is no banner for anything like open rebellion in Italy and no chief to wave it. There is a bitter joke in Rome today that everybody is anti-Fascist, including the Fascists. Certainly the diehard Fascists now follow Nazi Germany rather than Mussolini. Their bellwether is Roberto Farinacci, owner of the Cremona newspaper *Regime Fascista*. He is described as being Italy's own Darlan, a critic and German-manipulated puppet rival of Mussolini, and thus sponsor for the greater-collaboration-with-Germany movement. The lukewarm anti-German Fascists say that if Germany wins, Hitler will get rid of Mussolini, and if Germany loses, Italy will get rid of Mussolini, and in either case they, the moderates, will swing into power. A Leftish movement, if not revolution, is more likely. Many upper-class, unpolitical Italians hope that Italy is the weak point in Germany's empire that will cause Germany to lose the war. Many Army men have lately begun to feel that a defeated Italy could be part of Germany's morbid, metaphysical world plan. Few Italians have any faith in their royal house; they call it *un pesce in barile*, which means a fish in a barrel, or, in our own terms, someone who carries water on both shoulders.

For centuries Italians have had a talent for secret, subversive societies. The strange trials just ended at Trieste, involving so-called anti-Italian activities dated 1938, are interpreted as being the government's belated acknowledgement of the anti-Fascist movements now rapidly gaining in popularity in Italy. The underground societies, upon which some people, especially in England and America, perhaps put too much hope, employ elaborate codes and precautions. The leaders organize sabotage, such as slowdowns in factories engaged in war work, or help foment unrest, such as the violent bread strikes which took place in Turin and Milan last June. Society members boycott newspapers every Thursday. Since all papers are owned by Party leaders, this buying strike hits some Fascist pocketbook. By their grapevine method, the societies distribute endless pamphlets and, what is more valuable, pass on news heard through the forbidden American and English shortwave broadcasts, though the punishment for listening to any foreign station not controlled by the Nazis has just been trebled to eighteen months' imprisonment.

The general tendency of these socie-



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LE RUBAN BLEU

ties is so far not revolutionary but purely republican, on the Mazzini or Garibaldi model. There is a republican pirate radio station, called La Voce della Libertà, operated by a democratic group brave enough to risk death, or at least *confino*, the Italian version of the concentration camp. Among some younger workingmen, especially since Russia came into the war, there has been a reanimation of the Communist groups, which for the past twenty years have been so well organized that now the other societies are copying their cellular framework. The young Communists in Italy employ an odd dialectic device called *vittimismo*, or victimization, which consists of getting themselves put in prison in order to focus the anti-Fascist attention and faith of the Italian working classes, supposedly easily impressed by martyrdom. On the whole, though, the fight against godless Russia has been more popular in Catholic Italy than any other campaign in this unpopular war. Among the young intellectuals the great movement is the Movimento Universitario Rivoluzionario Italiano, which began last June with the anti-war demonstrations of the students at the University of Rome and has since spread to all the colleges. Their program is simple: no dictatorship, no Germans. Their propaganda is poetic; the students go about reciting the verses of the noted Risorgimento poets.

There is also a unique, mysterious Roman group, called the Organization of the Lost Sheep (*Organizzazione delle Pecorelle Smarrite*), which is probably anti-Fascist, though it may be only pro-profit. At any rate, Italians who have thousand-lire notes in their pockets and are willing to be driven in a car with its curtains drawn, so they cannot identify the neighborhood or house where the Lost Sheep operate, can usually obtain from them passports to flee the country or other vital papers.

Against all the anti-Fascist secret societies in Italy are arrayed thirteen governmental spy organizations, each of which is empowered to make arrests and which spies concentratedly in its own field—Army, Navy, government offices, or whatever. The most feared and hated are the Ovra, which is Italy's Gestapo, and Mussolini's private spy troop, the Informatori Privati del Duce.

LETTERS from Italy written to known anti-Fascists here just before December were carefully censored

by Italian authorities, whole portions being neatly snipped out by a razor blade or blacked out with India ink. Most of the poor Italian families here continued to receive their news untouched and couched in simple domestic code. As one November letter forcefully phrased it, "Papa's [Mussolini's] house [Italy] is infested with bedbugs [Germans.] It is useless to try insecticide [rebellion] on this kind of hard-shelled vermin. As long as poor Papa lives he is our master and we must wait. We really wish he were dead. He is full of diseases."



A more elegant and pensive letter of revelation from a young upper-middle-class Roman matron painfully paints her family's tableau as an illustration of what is happening to the life she once knew. "No one makes plans," she writes. "We all live from day to day. There is little gay news. Cousin Maria has announced her marriage, but there is little hope for happiness in times like these. Uncle Carlo has just given Aunt Teresina a 200,000-lire sable coat and bought himself a string of race horses. What with and what for?" The letter goes on to say that Uncle Carlo's factory in Turin had some new government contracts, which probably paid more than they should. Business was like that in war-torn Europe and everyone first bought things and then sold things in a circle of confusion. The food shortage had affected Aunt Luisa's liver; there was a great deal of liver trouble, even among the young. Aunt Luisa's older son's feet had been frozen in the Greek mountain campaign and one, perhaps both, had been amputated. The younger boy, Luigi, had been sent to the Russian front; no news, of course. The writer's favorite brother, Ernesto, was a test pilot of planes to be sent to Africa.

"It breaks my heart. He won't last long," she wrote. "Our shortage of good materials makes plane-testing even more dangerous than being a sailor"—a sly reference to the sinkings of the poorly armored Italian warships. If you could believe it, Cousin Rosetta, who always used to be going to Mass, now had a lover, a *nouveau riche* who had given her an appalling emerald bracelet. The breakdown in morale among their old school friends was absolutely frightening. Her sister-in-law had given up bridge for poker and run up huge gambling debts. The writer's own little daughter, Bianca, was well but underweight, like everybody, and was having calcium and vitamin injections as long

as they could afford them and medical supplies held out. Doctors had no gasoline for their cars and therefore could make no calls on distant patients; everyone was terrified of falling ill. Servants, *grazie a Dio*, were still cheap, though her last two maids had been called back to work on their families' farms. Oh, yes, Aunt Teresina's eldest sister, the sweet, unmarried one, had nearly no money, kept to her room, refused to look at any newspapers, and read nothing but Dante.

"The deformed economics we are living in are unbalancing many people's minds," the last paragraph added. "I am finishing this letter while waiting to make what we call a 'deal' with a peasant for a sack of potatoes and one of beans. It is the big business of the week. Supplies are so precious that we keep everything locked up against thieves and even against the cook. My cupboard keys hang at my belt and when I walk around the house I rattle like the chate-laine of a medieval fortress. I don't think we will die of hunger, but my husband says business will starve. We are still in love; married couples who are happy are rare now. We lack moral and intellectual satisfactions to keep us going. Foreign novels are forbidden. Theatres and movies are zero. In Rome, music has been good. Berlin sends us Furtwängler and Gieseeking, and in exchange we send Berlin our De Sabata and Molinari, maestro of our Augusteo symphony orchestra. No one thinks the good old life can ever come back. Despite bombs in Naples and Genoa and lack of food everywhere, existence is still relatively bearable if you have some money. I think we Italians are confused by the war and its many meanings and developments. In this supercivilization, materialism has become of supreme importance and realism has seized us, and they have both come on the scene only in time to destroy, as they did in France."

Apparently the sole consolation of millions of thoughtful Italians, rich or humble, is that after twenty years Italians still make poor Fascists, that *mamma mia*, home, the Virgin Mary, a sense of the ridiculous, solo songs, laughter, individualism, and meridional dispositions are possessions that cannot be regimented.

THIS last autumn the season at Salsomaggiore, which ranks socially as Italy's White Sulphur Springs, was feverishly brilliant. Because of the war in the Mediterranean, all seaside resorts had been closed during the sum-



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mer, and this fashionable Lombardy thermal station profited. At the leading hotel, since Italy's youth was away on one front or another, there were no men under forty. The male guests, however, were at least solid millionaires, Party bigwigs, great industrialists, men on the make, and royalty. The women guests dressed dashing for dinner, orchids were as common as daisies, and the display of jewels was astonishing even for Cellini-loving Italy. The bracelets and cabochons exchanged for weekend favors were a feature of the Monday lunch. According to one shrewd, worldly widow present, the hedonism, the gems, the frenetic, rich nocturnal scene behind the lighted windows and the long, black vista stretching to the peasant poor in the country outside were like a mistake in history, as if Italy had suddenly slipped and fallen back into the conscienceless time of some medieval de' Medici.

There will be no more letters from Italy, except those smuggled out, until the war comes to an end. The last ones to arrive describe *la patria* as a country caught in its own Latin variety of Europe's Nordic turmoil—an Italy filled with people who were losing the hope and the habit of their lives, of men frantically making money or laboriously going without it, of ersatz morals growing as shoddy as ersatz clothes, of the soul of a classical people focussed on a mere dish of food, and, over an antique landscape and its architecture, an intimation of bad weather, like a cloud of melancholy.

In Rome, in November, there was a story going the rounds which ran as follows: a man fishing in the Tiber caught a very small minnow. To the minnow, which he lifted from his line and took in his hand, he apostrophized, "O little fish, what can I do with thee? I cannot fry thee; I have no olive oil. I cannot roast thee; I have no butter. I cannot bake thee; I have no flour. Indeed, I cannot cook thee at all, since I have no fuel for my hearthstone. There remains naught I can do with thee but toss thee back into the Tiber." This he did. A moment later the minnow rose to the surface, lifted his fin in the familiar salute, and cried, "Viva Il Duce!" This fish was the last Fascist.

—JANET FLANNER

CIGAR MAKERS SQUEEZED
AS GIRL WORKERS MARRY.
MATERIAL COSTS RISE

—Headline in the *Wall Street Journal*.
Oh, damn the cost!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wars and Vendettas

THE war offers strange problems to the makers of films, for all of a sudden there is almost too much material, yet the use made of it can be flat and bewilderingly ineffective, as in the case of Elisabeth Bergner's "Paris Calling." There would seem hardly anything more stirring as substance for a heroic and big picture than the fall of France. These historic crises have, however, a mean trick of turning trivial upon the screen, of becoming all at once like the events of many other stories, like costume pieces as we have known them, with plots of action and strenuous rescues derived from the novels of Dumas, like merely orthodox thrillers.

There can be something almost shocking in the result, something scandalizing, when momentous matters become the makeshift elements of a movie scenario. We don't entirely care to feel that all we are living in is a kind of Dumas world with Jules Verne undercurrents.

"Paris Calling" begins plausibly enough with a musicale, an evening, I suppose, in one of those big, pink houses along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. A charming young lady, our hostess, is entertaining what would hardly be the conservative circle of Paris, although a dressy group and one well-mannered. She (this is Mlle. Bergner, of course) has an admirer (Basil Rathbone) high in the country's politics, and all at once he is there, with terrifying orders. She is to slip out, leaving those futile guests, and, taking her old mamma, her maid, her jewels, and her furs, is to steer in the best car straight for Bordeaux. The Germans are coming. There is a scene on the Bordeaux road which fulfills our conception of what it may have been like when the civilians were bombed, but here the plot begins to go berserk. Old Mamma is killed, and in the mud and mire the worldly heroine suffers a change of heart, abandons the Bordeaux plan, and determines to go back to fight for Paris. This procedure, naturally, involves her with a handsome American flier in the R.A.F. (Randolph Scott) and later with a small group of patriots who function in a seaport town. With a medley of secret meetings, wild escapes from the Gestapo, and the like, we are swung into the frenetic pace of melodrama and dizzy fiction, and the story might be of the

fall of Paris or of the fall of Nineveh and Tyre as far as any sense of closeness to events is concerned. Only in one scene is there suddenly life again, and that is in the final interview which the beautiful young woman, all heart now for Free France, has with her lover, who has become a spokesman for Vichy and is almost embarrassingly convincing and effective. Perhaps what pictures like "Paris Calling" do best, in the haphazard studio handling of the news, is to make us forget war itself. They may belong to the escapist classification.



WHAT is really a Dumas story, and in period costume, too, is a swashbuckling affair called "The Corsican Brothers." This story has nothing to do with the Bonaparte family, as some might expect. Vendettas and feuds in the true Corsican tradition keep the characters on the jump, and the major ones, the twin brothers, both played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., indicate that youngish gentleman to be almost as elastic and swift and alert and ready to jump as his father was before him. All the activity on the screen does not necessarily imbue the audience with any too much excitement, for the picture runs a long, long time, and there are moments when vendetta squabbles pall a bit. The Siamese-twin situation (for these brothers were born united in this way) adds its curious note. An able surgeon happened to be on hand at their birth and miraculously succeeded in dividing the boys so that their lives need not be drastically intimate, but a spiritual bond of a sort survives. Meditative scientists may reflect upon this question when the romance and the swordplay wear them down.

—JOHN MOSHER

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE DEPT.

[From "The Economics of Prohibition," by James C. Fernald, 1890]

This nation has been wonderfully stirred of late over something that has rarely troubled governments—a surplus of revenue. Suppose that had been a deficiency. Suppose an administration in four years of power had run our finances \$120,000,000 behind-hand. That administration would have gone down as Vulcan fell when Jupiter hurled him from Olympus. There would not have been contest enough to make the election interesting.

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waist. You'll find one-piece hostess pajamas that avoid the ordinary; for example, a pair in black crêpe with pastel-pink crêpe making the top of the shirred bodice, the long sleeves, and the sides of the full pants and giving the effect of a panelled dress down the front; \$25.

Good dresses starting at \$19.95 include a black linen one with a hip yoke across its front and an attached striped gilet, another of white linen that has a big, splashy green-leaf design and fastens down one side with buttons which start under the arm, and a third of rayon jersey with a particularly buoyant strawberry pattern and a red belt. The strawberry print also makes a play suit with a wrap-around street-length skirt and contrasting sash—something to touch the coldest heart. There are hot-day-in-town print dresses, too, one of them all horizontal floral bands, with a notched collar and tucking through the hips. Shops with such a compact variety of desirable things are hard to find, and I am daft about this one.

THREE TO REMEMBER: Women who haven't yet seen the Coty salon, at 612 Fifth Avenue (49th), should go there if only to gratify their aesthetic sense with the Dorothy Draper décor, for the salesroom on the first floor and the facial rooms above possess both charm and delight. (The rose room has roses and lilies of the valley stencilled on its white walls, and the tulip, lilac, and fuchsia rooms are likewise appropriately adorned.) The operators themselves wear crisp white dresses with gay red shoes and seem to enjoy explaining, as they go along, exactly how to use the comfortingly few and superb Coty facial products, especially the Sub-Tint foundation, which does wonders for even very sallow skins. They offer a half-hour facial, which consists of a good cleansing and an expert make-up at \$1.50; and the Relaxation treatment (a full hour), which does just that, includes a massage of the face, neck, and back—\$3.50, and it's the nuts. . . . Lilly Daché's two new perfumes are as divine as you would expect. The one called Dashing is a nice, slightly sharp blend encased in an incredible bottle made in the shape of a French poodle. Drifting is dreamy and haunted by rose and sweet pea, or that's the way it seems to me. Either one costs \$28 for two ounces. Her sachets of the same scents are in the shape of swashbuckling satin hats. Gaga and lovely. . . . Mona Manet's salon, at 48 East 52nd Street, is a honey for women who have not yet

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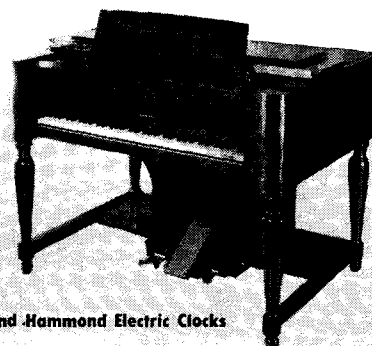
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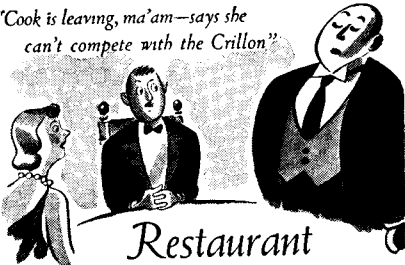


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found the perfect hairdresser. Her Josef is one of the reasons those East Fifties night-spot beauties prefer to go hatless. (His current fashion pronouncement is that the high pompadour is Out; he favors a smooth line back from the forehead and soft waves, about three inches long, around the ears.) Permanents at this establishment are excellent at \$10 and up.

WHATNOT OF THE MOMENT: A clip in the shape of a frog. Its body is made of a green composition with dark spots, its legs (poised for a takeoff) of rhinestones, and its head of rhinestones with a gleaming pseudo-emerald eye. It costs \$7.50 at Milgrim, is perfectly beautiful, and I can't think of a single practical reason for it.—L. L.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THE PLAZA, NEW YORK
JANUARY 5, 1942

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIR:

IN a recent issue of your magazine you published an article on Mr. Joseph Dunninger, in the course of which you refer to his claim that he received from my father, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a code message for posthumous communication. Mention is made of the fact that I have publicly repudiated this claim, and as the son of the man concerned I should expect my authority on the question to take precedence over that of a man who was to all intents and purposes a total stranger to my father. In this connection, however, Mr. Dunninger is quoted in your article as saying that I know nothing whatever about the affair, since I was a little boy in England when my father gave him the code message in America. As a matter of cold fact, I was not a little boy, nor was I in England. I was here in America with my father and in close touch with every aspect of his work in proving Survival, in which I was often privileged to collaborate with him.

I would like to add that my father himself declared not long before his death, in the presence of witnesses, that he left no code message or word of any sort whatever with anyone, not even with the members of his own family.

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Yours very truly,

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Novelties, Some by Conductors

YOU can't complain that symphony conductors have been sticking entirely with the same old stuff this season. There have been so many premières that the theme song for the maestri seems to be "My Time Is First Time." Serge Koussevitzky, for instance, brought to Carnegie Hall Arthur Lourié's second symphony, "Kórmitchaia," which turned out to be pleasant, skillfully colored music. I say "turned out to be," because the official analysis printed in the program book made the symphony sound like a complicated exercise in tough listening. Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony gave "Kórmitchaia" superb treatment, which treatment also was applied to symphonies by Haydn and Brahms. It was one of those full, satisfying evenings that you get when the Boston band and its conductor are at their tops.

Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony had a pair of "firsts"—Aaron Copland's "Statements for Orchestra" and the conductor's own arrangement of two excerpts from Purcell's "Dido and Æneas." Mr. Mitropoulos's transcription was sound and workmanlike, but he didn't help it when he had it played with an overdose of the dolors. He did right, however, by Mr. Copland's "Statements," six short movements, each subtitled by a single word—"militant," "cryptic," "prophetic," and so on. The various essays made their points concisely and completely, with the familiar Copland directness, clarity, and power, but they probably haven't the audience appeal of some of his other offerings.

Most of this Philharmonic-Symphony concert was devoted to an intensely sympathetic presentation of Mahler's fourth symphony. Many people are either categorically pro or anti Mahler symphonies, but as I don't belong to either party, I can report only that I found the fourth symphony generally attractive at too great length. The last movement was a long soprano solo, sung with charm and musicianship by Miss Mona Paulee, who was compelled by the odd ritual of concert practice to sit facing the audience for the first three movements.

Eugene Ormandy, like Mr. Mitropoulos, presented a homemade orchestration and an American work not

previously heard in Carnegie. Mr. Ormandy's setting of the six-voice fugue from Bach's "Musical Offering" was well made and well played by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Robert Russell Bennett's Eight Etudes for Orchestra were adroit, poetic, and witty, and the gathering demonstrated a possibly unexpected appreciation of baseball finesse by making a special fuss over the Etude that re-created musically (no sound effects) a Carl Hubbell strike-out. Somehow, there were a few rousing clinkers in the next composition on the program—Tchaikovsky's B-flat minor ("Tonight We Love," "Concerto for Two," etc.) piano concerto.

None of these was contributed by the soloist, Artur Rubinstein, who played in bang-up style without ever getting bangy.

LOTHAR WALLERSTEIN began to appear as stage director of Metropolitan opera productions in the house programs last week—twice in one day, in fact, when Mr. Wallerstein was credited with the staging of a matinée "Tosca" and an evening "Lohengrin." This tidy "Tosca" was essentially the same production as the season's earlier showing of the opera, which it would seem Mr. Wallerstein had also directed, although anonymously. The performance introduced a new Scarpia—Alexander Sved, who, after an uncertain first act, began to demonstrate his musical and dramatic gifts in the second. "Lohengrin" was a well-paced affair, in which Miss Astrid Varnay was an unusually winning Elsa. Miss Varnay is one of the season's finds, all right, being that rare item, a musical singer who is also a natural on the stage. Her high notes in the heavier going, however, sounded somewhat strained, and I hope that she won't be put on the spot by having to sing a large assignment of dramatic soprano business.

ARTUR SCHNABEL is playing Schubert's piano music at the New Friends of Music concerts in Town Hall these Sunday afternoons, through February 1st. It's fine music-making, and rates as another of the many valuable contributions of the New Friends. If you're going to these concerts, don't forget that they start at 5:30.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



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THE ART GALLERIES

Americans, Past and Present

NOW that war is upon us, we are going to hear more and more of such phrases as "the American way," "the American heritage," "the American tradition," and so on, and in art, as in other fields, the terms will occasionally be put to dubious uses—to the support of repressive conservatism as against free thinking and progress, to the defense of the narrow outlook and the selfish purpose instead of the ideals of freedom, democratic equality, and world tolerance, which are the declared ends for which the war is being fought. In art particularly, the conservatives' resentment of innovation has often tended to express itself along rigidly nationalistic lines (as witness the furor about "French influences," which since the birth of Impressionism has kept Old Guard painters of every generation permanently enraged), and the war may well be made an excuse for even more of this foolish sort of flag-waving. Our one resource against it, and our consolation, will be the fact that in the broad sense art, like science—one the search for pure beauty and the other for pure truth—must always be universal and international, and the man who would try to say otherwise can in the long run only condemn himself to failure and ridicule.

In view of all this, it's unfortunate that the National Academy should have decided to give its new show the august title of "Our Heritage." A big exhibition, it serves capably as an opener for the Academy's handsome, if somewhat awkwardly arranged, new quarters up at Eighty-ninth and Fifth Avenue. Planned historically, with works by artists as far back as Thomas Cole, a founder of the organization, and as recent as Jonas Lie, it offers about as complete a retrospective of membership activities as could be imagined. But a portrayal of the American heritage in art, in the sense of the things we look back on now with pride in our artistic past, it most certainly is not.

Instead, what the show amounts to is a ponderous, painstaking, and, to the onlooker, frequently painful record of the blunders of judgment and the behind-handedness in the face of new forces in art that have characterized the organization throughout most of its existence. There is little use in discussing the exhibition in detail. Some good things are there (how could there fail to

be with more than three hundred items in the catalogue?), but those few are lost in the mediocrity of the show as a whole, a mediocrity so endless and so unvarying that in the end it takes on something of the quality of the awe-inspiring, as some vast, dull plain might do in the eyes of a weary traveller. Never,



it would seem, has the Academy succeeded in backing the right horse at the right time. When the world was first stirring with the romantic revolt that was to color most nineteenth-century painting, the Academy was still busy with the pseudo-classicism of such men as Asher B. Durand and Thomas Cole; when Impressionism appeared, it was still hip-deep in the backwash of the Hudson River school, while now that Impressionism has passed its peak, a majority of its members are addicted to a kind of diluted plein-airism. George Luks was never a member of the Academy, nor is John Sloan, and the three men we think of as the brightest stars of the generation preceding them—Eakins, Blakelock, and Ryder—were taken in only late in life, when the honor was in large part an empty one. (Blakelock, for instance, only achieved full membership when he was sixty-nine, three years before his death.) But I mustn't go on in this fashion. I wouldn't have started it if it hadn't been for that reference to "our heritage" with which the exhibition is weighted. Those, *chers maitres* of the Academy, are not words to be tossed around lightly in these times and circumstances.

MEANTIME, the galleries present the usual number of younger artists, all striving to find their place in the heritage now in the making for the unpredictable future. At the Midtown, Jacob Getlar Smith is having an exhibition of oils, his first in that medium, incidentally, in four years, though he has shown water colors fairly regularly in the interim. I particularly liked his landscapes. Big and bold as his figure studies are, they have a literalness and a tendency merely to draw contours instead of presenting the subject in the round, which make me feel that he is not quite at home yet in that field. With the landscapes, however, there is no such difficulty. Blond in color, high in key—at times almost too high and too vibrant—there is sound design in all of them, and behind that a vivid sympa-

thy for the warmth and complexity of nature. Note especially his "Bucks County Farmyard," with its peaceful little meadow vista framed so cozily by the barns in the foreground, as well as the smaller but perhaps even more completely appealing canal scene called "April's Veil."

Franklin C. Watkins, who has been absent even longer, from these parts, reappears at the Rehn in his first one-man showing since 1935. For a man of Mr. Watkins' taste and technical dexterity, it seems to me that influences are allowed to appear almost too baldly in much of the painting—Lautrec, for example, in his portrait of Mrs. Leonard Beale, van Gogh in the "Bouquet of White Roses"—and there's a kind of scatteredness in the work which argues that he still hasn't quite made up his mind about directions. But the taste and dexterity are there too, together with a wry and delicate allusiveness, and because of them such pieces as his "Death in the Orchard" and "Autumn Recollections" are both accomplished and appealing. . . . Don't miss the van Goghs at Paul Rosenberg's. Arranged as a Red Cross benefit exhibition, the show contains only eleven canvases, but the majority of these are among his finest productions, and three of the number, "Le Passage Inférieur du Chemin de Fer," "Le Pont de Fer de Trinquette," and "La Mairie d'Auvers le 14 Juillet," are being shown for the first time in this country. I was interested particularly in the last of these, which was painted only thirteen days before the artist committed suicide. Gay as its color is and boldly symmetrical as is its design, it seems to me to contain clear hints of the tragedy that was to come, and there's a raggedness in its very formalizations, an intensity in the lighting, which suggest the man's madness more vividly than any other picture of his that I can recall. Van Gogh's color was always brilliant, but here the painting almost glares at you, like a lamp that flares just before going out.

—ROBERT M. COATES

The lettermen of the Bonhi Football Squad were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alexander on Park Avenue last Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock for a chili supper.

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WAR AMONG STRANGERS

ON the day that war broke out between the United States and Japan, Mrs. Bristowe rang up her husband at his Ministry in London. She was at home in Hampshire, and the call took some time to come through. The line was busy, probably with other agitated telephonings, thought Mrs. Bristowe, trying not to pace up and down the room like a caged animal. If only John were here to be soothing and sensible. The night before she had sat by the radio alone, listening to the details of the Japanese attack, taking them in with part of her mind while her thoughts flew in dismay to her two children, Simon and Janet, small and stranded and precious, in California.

Ordinarily the phone was never quiet; now it was mute, its mum blackness suddenly as hostile as an unfriendly face. She began to prowl again, listening abstractedly to Mrs. Prout banging a brush against the staircase banisters out in the hall. Mounted on a terrifying old bicycle, Mrs. Prout sailed up from the village every day to oblige Mrs. Bristowe. With the children not there and John in London all the week, it was easy enough to jog along that way.

The phone rang suddenly, and Mrs. Bristowe's lunge toward it sent a scatter of books and knitting off the table. As she picked up the receiver, the voice of the Ministry switchboard girl chirped in her ear, and after a pause John's voice said "Hello."

"Oh, darling," she said, "I was afraid you might be at a conference or something."

"No, I'm not at a conference. What's the trouble, Barbara?"

Mrs. Bristowe found herself fighting back tears as she said, "This awful news!"

"What? I don't hear you very well."

"I said this awful news," Mrs. Bristowe repeated, raising her voice.

"Oh, well, it wasn't entirely unexpected, was it?"

"John, I'm so dreadfully worried about the children. I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"I don't think you need worry," he said. "I really don't. From what we know of them, the Maddisons seem thoroughly good, solid people. I'm sure they'll look after the kids all right, whatever happens."

"But it mayn't be safe for them to

stay with the Maddisons," Mrs. Bristowe said. "They may evacuate all the children from that area if things look bad. If only there was some way of getting at them!"

"Well, there isn't, I'm afraid. We can cable Mrs. Maddison, of course, and ask for news. Cables are going through without much delay," he added in his Ministry voice.

Mrs. Bristowe had the peevish sensation that she was listening to a Civil Service pamphlet, one of the bracing kind that was pushed in at the door with the mail and told you to stay put, to keep off the roads during invasion, and to avoid panic and despondency. What she had wanted, ever since that awful moment last evening, was a bosom on which to lean and cry, not a bit of brisk, official buff paper. She said crossly, "I suppose Germany's going to declare war on them next."

"It certainly looks like it."

"I ought never to have allowed the children to go without Nanny. Never, never! Or I ought to have gone with them myself."

"Now, darling! You know you didn't want to leave your job in the W.V.S."

"Oh, damn the W.V.S.!" she cried, and hung up.

A moment later she regretted it, but by then it was impossible to do anything. Another call, to tell John she was sorry, to receive his amused forgiveness, would make her hopelessly late for the canteen.

She ran upstairs to get her hat and was halted in the bedroom, as though

by a blow over the heart, by the photograph of the children on her dressing table. It was the latest snapshot, taken by Mrs. Maddison on Simon's birthday and sent over with a long, careful letter describing his presents, the children who had come to tea, what he had said, what Janet had worn. Certainly,

Mrs. Maddison did the thing handsomely—regular cables, details of gains in height and weight, school reports, copious snapshots. Now that her children weren't here, Mrs. Bristowe seemed to know far more about them than she ever had before.

She sat down, the photograph in her hand, the canteen forgotten. The chil-

dren looked very fair and English in the clear American sunlight, Simon in his shorts and jersey, Janet in her smock from Liberty's. The tears came into Mrs. Bristowe's eyes again, and refused to be pushed back, as she thought of the last time she had seen her children, that dreadful morning at the port from which they had sailed. They had seemed terribly small then as she stood beside them, making inane remarks to their escort, a jolly Girton girl who looked, thank God, as though she would be good at swimming. The time which elapsed before Mrs. Bristowe got the cable saying that they had arrived safely was the worst torture she had ever known. Torture was really a novelty to her, the placidly contented wife of a permanent Civil Servant, but she had made up for all arrears of suffering in a single bound. Was she going to have to go through all that over again? John had seemed maddeningly smug about the Maddisons, but how could you be certain how people were going to behave in an emergency? Letters and photographs didn't tell you anything, really. No, thought Mrs. Bristowe wretchedly, she had sent her children into a war among strangers. Kind strangers, but strangers all the same.

THE striking of a clock reminded Mrs. Bristowe that they would soon be ringing up from the canteen to find out what had happened to her. She ran downstairs and called to Mrs. Prout, "Back for tea. If a cable comes over the telephone, take it down carefully." Then she sprinted for the bicycle shed.

Next to her at the canteen that morning, scraping carrots and scrubbing potatoes, was a chatty Mrs. Warner, who immediately cried, "Oh, my dear, I've thought so much about you! Aren't you worried sick about your Simon and Janet, right out there in the middle of it all?" And another helper said, "I was only saying to Dick last night, 'Thank goodness we didn't send Brian and Peter over that time.' Somehow, I always felt one ought to keep them here, even when things looked so bad." She sounded pleased with herself, as though conscious of having behaved like a Roman matron while Mrs. Bristowe had rattled on the British Empire. The professional cook, who spoke in a refined voice with pinched vowels to show that she was really a lady and no mistake, sighed, "Oh, dear, Ay must say Ay see no end to it now, do you? Ay feel that it will be years and years. Ay do really, Mrs. Bristowe." When



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the school children arrived for lunch, it wasn't much better. All these shaggy heads, these sturdy little bodies tucking into the soup and dumplings, made Mrs. Bristowe feel terrible. Most of the children were evacuees from Portsmouth, but their mothers could get into a train and come up and see them whenever they wanted. There wasn't an enormous stretch of water, a continent, and a new war between them.

WHEN Mrs. Bristowe got home and wearily opened the front door, the first thing that she heard was a crash of breaking china. For some reason, this sound of domestic disaster was the culmination of the day, the final touch to the tale of despair. She went along to the kitchen and found Mrs. Prout on hands and knees, sweeping up the fragments of the afternoon-tea tray. "Really!" Mrs. Bristowe said, her voice shaking with unaccustomed anger. "I must say I do think this is careless! I'll never be able to match it—never. I suppose you don't realize how impossible it is to get this sort of thing now? Mr. Bristowe has always been particularly fond of that tea service." She did not wait to hear anything that Mrs. Prout might have to say but turned and stalked out of the kitchen, back to the quiet, neat sitting room, where there was no longer danger of taking a header over the children's litter, back to the telephone which wouldn't ring, the radio which would focus her lonely evening to a pinpoint of terror.

After a while she heard Mrs. Prout coming heavily along the passage, bringing a newly assembled tea tray and wheezing with anxiety as she negotiated the doorpost. Mrs. Prout set the tray down beside Mrs. Bristowe and straightened up, sighing and smoothing her apron. She was a stout woman with steel-rimmed glasses set across a small red button of a nose, which peeped out between glossy red knobs of cheeks.

"I'm ever so sorry about the tea set, Madam," she said. "I don't know how I could have been so clumsy, I'm sure. It must be because my mind's not on things on account of thinking about Rose."

"Rose?" said Mrs. Bristowe.

"Our girl, Rose. The one that went for a nurse to Singapore. The news has given me a turn, as you might say. I don't trust them yellow monkeys, them Japanese. They won't fight clean, I said to Prout."

"Look," said Mrs. Bristowe. "Go and get another cup and sit down and have a cup of tea with me. It'll do us

good." Mrs. Prout looked startled, and Mrs. Bristowe had to snap at her "Oh, go on, do!" before she creaked reluctantly out of the room. Those who talk of English class distinctions, thought Mrs. Bristowe in some exasperation, ought to get it quite clear who draws the distinctions.

WHEN Mrs. Prout returned with the cup and saucer, she coughed and murmured "Excuse me" and seated herself on the edge of an armchair. Pouring out the tea, Mrs. Bristowe said, "I'm sorry I was cross just now. The truth is I'm worried to death about my children, too. It's horrid feeling that they're in the war again, and without me this time."

"Tchk!" Mrs. Prout clicked her tongue sympathetically against her fine, porcelain teeth. "Well, Prout says it's no good worrying. We can't do anything, he says."

"So does Mr. Bristowe."

"I didn't feel easy in my mind when Rose went, but she was all set on it. She looked nice in her uniform, I will say. White. Ever such a bother to keep clean, you'd think, but I suppose there's not many smuts out there."

"What I hope is that they don't come in for any air raids," Mrs. Bristowe said. "Somehow, the thought of air raids there seems worse than air raids here—I don't know why. Probably because we're used to them. And Simon would mind. Janet is solid as a rock, but Simon would be frightened."

"Ar, poor little dear! Well, our Rose has never been frightened of anything. If she gets hold of any of them Japs, she'll tell them off all right. I can just hear her!" Mrs. Prout chuckled richly, plastering one knuckly red hand across her mouth.

It began to get dark. They sat on, speaking their thoughts aloud, courteously waiting for each other to finish, returning to their separate thought tracks. A dim comfort had begun to flow from Mrs. Prout to Mrs. Bristowe, the same sort of comfort she remembered in her childhood. Then a thin nighttime wail for help had brought an instant, subterranean upheaval from the other bed, the splutter of a match, the apparition of her nurse in a red flannel dressing gown, with steel-rimmed glasses on a kind, red face like Mrs. Prout's. Then all of life had been—as one could fool oneself into thinking this moment was—safe firelight, the ticking of a clock telling time that would last forever, the radio not invented, Japan a squiggle on the map, suffering something

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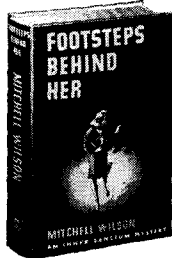
8 YEARS OLD



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Always hot on the trail of Significant Trends, The Gory Gazette proudly announces that the Inner Sanctum Mystery for January, just published, is right in the groove. It is *Footsteps Behind Her*, by MITCHELL WILSON, guaranteed to keep readers looking fearfully over their own shoulders when their eyes aren't glued to its pages.



Because there's no doubt about it. There's a boom in the off-the-beaten-track mystery like *Footsteps Behind Her*. Espionage, dangerous adventure; above all, the escape motif (which Alfred Hitchcock has done to a turn for the movies) are getting handicaps from the straight detective boys these days. Books like *Toast to Tomorrow* and *Above Suspicion* (no, we didn't publish them, worse luck) are stayers on the best-seller lists.

Why? The way we figure it, it's because they add a new element to the story, a kind of double novelty. Not only does the hero chase the villain or villains, but he himself is being chased by them. What fascinates the reader is how hero will get his man—since he *must* emerge triumphant—without getting nailed first in the process.

HOWARD HAYCRAFT takes a more professional stab at explaining the Trend in Mysteries while reviewing *Footsteps Behind Her* in *Harper's Magazine*. Here's what he has to say: "If you feel, as I do these days, that a rousing chase-in-the-dark is just about what the doctor ordered for those war knots in the midriff, then try this light but breathless tale of sinister doings on a trans-continental bus and in Manhattan. Although MITCHELL WILSON has taken part in a previous mystery collaboration (last season's *The Goose Is Cooked* by EMMETT HOGARTH), this little dandy is his first recorded solo flight. It will not be his last."

Probably you have a brilliant explanation of your own. But if you want to forget the whole thing, and just have yourself a whale of an exciting time, read

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that happened to grownups in books.

Mrs. Prout stirred and sighed. "Well, one of these days we'll all have a good laugh thinking of these times. You'll have your little pair back, Mrs. Bristowe, and we'll have our Rose, and Hitler and that nasty snake of an emperor will have the ropes round their necks, as they richly deserve. Until then, as Prout says, there's nothing to do but get on with it." She struggled to her feet. "My word, I'll have to do the blackout and pop home, or else Prout will be thinking I've met one of them soldiers in a dark lane."

Presently she put her head round the door. "Just off," she said. "Sure you're all right, Madam?" she added, to show that the intimacy of the last hour was at an end.

"Quite all right," Mrs. Bristowe said.

Mrs. PROUT had not been gone long when the phone rang. It was John.

"That you, Barbara? It struck me that I wasn't as sympathetic as I might have been this morning, darling. Ancaster was in the room and it happened to be—anyway, I'm sorry I was terse."

"I'm sorry I hung up on you."

"I thought you'd like to know that I've sent a long cable to the Maddisons. We ought to hear pretty soon, I should think." He gave an awkward cough. "Until then, my dear, chin up and keep smiling, won't you?"

Mrs. Bristowe felt that she was being dished out another pamphlet, but she said, "I'll try. All we can do is get on with it, I suppose."

"Exactly," he said in a relieved voice. "Just what I said this morning. Well, darling, I'll try to get down midweek if the old boy isn't tiresome. Ring me if the Maddisons' answer comes before then, won't you?"

When she had hung up the receiver the clock was striking six. She went over to the radio, turned the knob, and sat down with all the other anxious women to knit and listen.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

The death struggle seemed to be a mild disagreement between gentlemen waving butter knives.—John Anderson in his review of Philip Merivale's "*Macbeth*," 1935.

The final duel seemed more like a couple of the unexcited boys waving butter knives than the climax of a momentous melodrama.—John Anderson in his review of Maurice Evans' "*Macbeth*," 1941.

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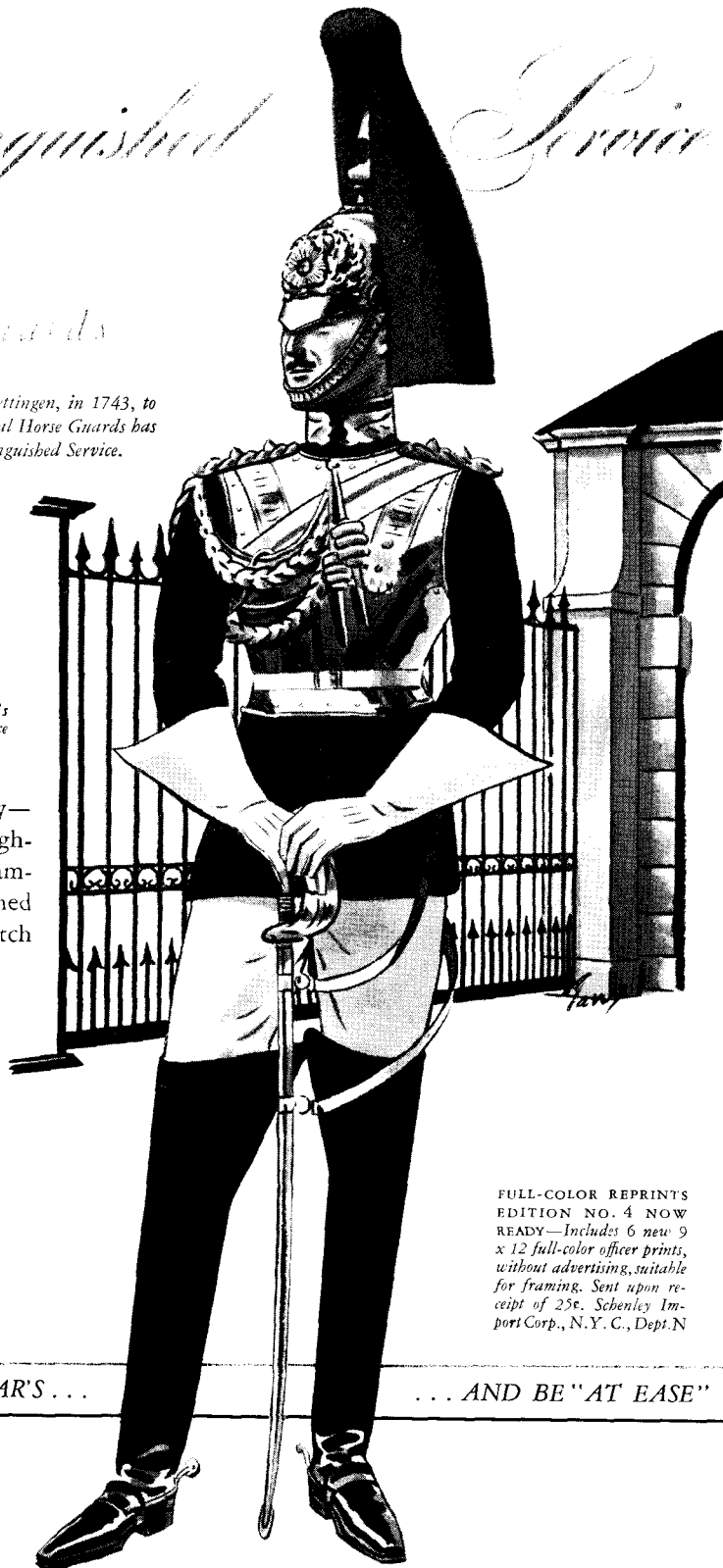
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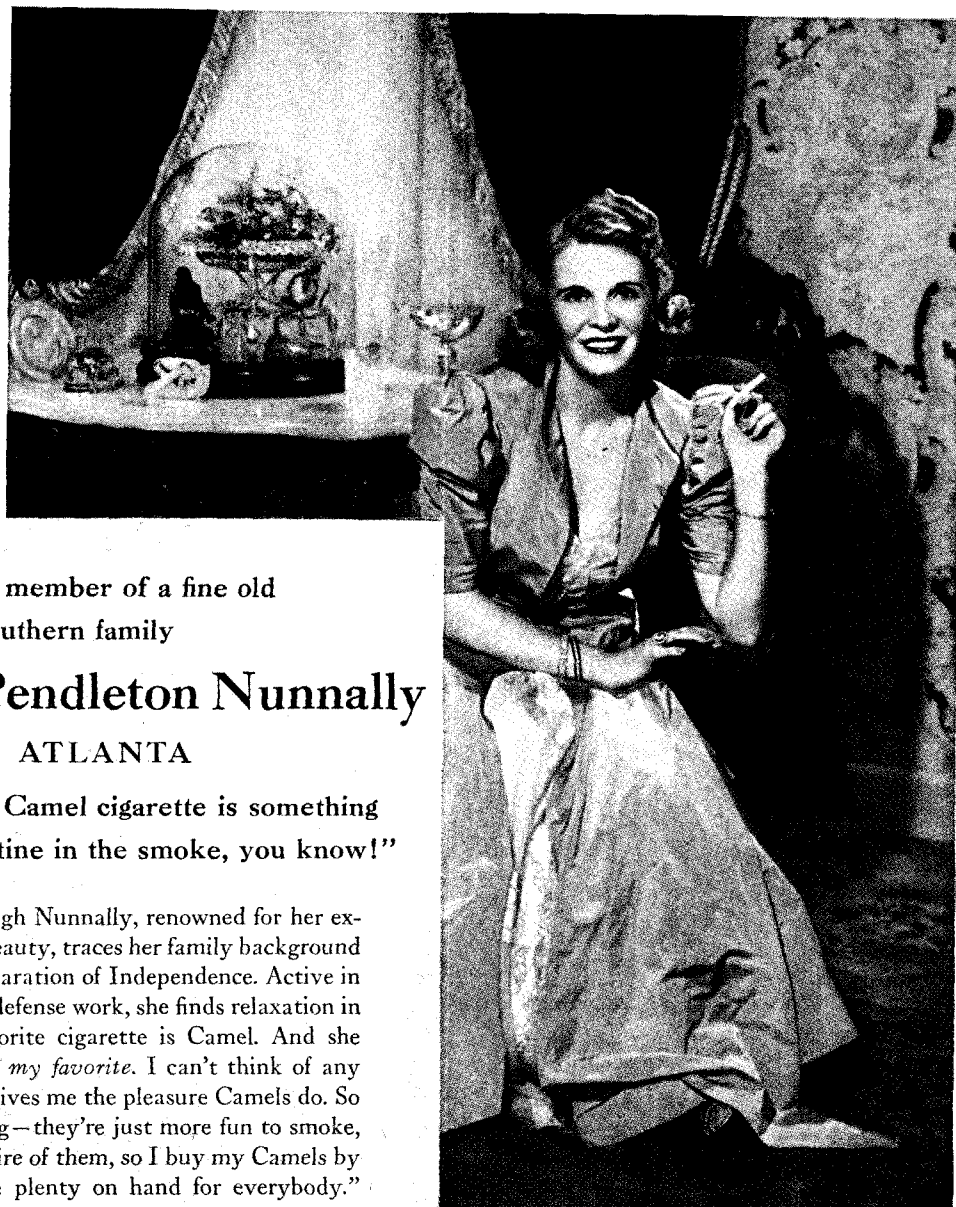
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